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AUGUST 16, 1976

TIME

A large, stylized graphic dominates the cover. It features a test tube on the left, partially filled with a red liquid at the bottom. To the right of the test tube is a large, orange, hand-like shape holding a magnifying glass over the test tube. The background is a textured green. The word 'TIME' is printed in large white letters at the top.

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

"The story is very frightening," said TIME Correspondent James Willwerth. What was worrying Willwerth last week was a question for which millions of Americans, from epidemiologists to the victims' families sought an answer: What microbe, fungus, toxin or other killer took the lives of more than a score of people who had been



TED PAUL

present at the 1976 annual convention of the Pennsylvania American Legion in Philadelphia? "Death here," reported Willwerth by telephone from Harrisburg, where he talked with investigating doctors, "is just as sudden and unexplained as in a crime or science-fiction story. Even for the literal minded, it seems as though an evil spirit is loose." Willwerth followed the trail of misery and sudden death westward from Philadelphia to hospitals, laboratories and finally a funeral at Williamstown.

Meanwhile, Correspondent Jack White stood watch at the superbly equipped Center for Disease Control in Atlanta, where scientists and technicians worked feverishly all week to solve the puzzle.

As the files from Willwerth and White came by telex, Associate Editors Peter Stoler and Gilbert Cant got down to the job of medical mystery writing. Cant concentrated on the history of epidemics in the U.S. and on how scientists identify disease-causing agents. He recalled an earlier medical mystery in TIME: the 1957 case of a woman beauty parlor operator who lived in one of the hottest parts of Florida and whose varied and puzzling symptoms were finally diagnosed as Iceland disease.

Stoler, who wrote the main part of the cover story, is also an old hand at mysteries. While working as a radio editorial writer and freelancer in Boston during the '60s, he covered the case of the Boston Strangler. "Albert DeSalvo finally confessed to those killings," said Stoler. "This killer won't do any talking."

Overseeing the story was Senior Editor Otto Friedrich, assisted by Reporter-Researchers F. Sydnor Vanderschmidt, Peggy Berman and Adrienne Jucius.



PETER STOLER



GILBERT CANT

Ralph P. Davidson

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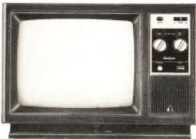
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The Grits & Fritz Hominy Ticket

To the Editors:

Jimmy Carter has brought hominy to the divided ranks of the Democratic Party (July 26). He is the man to restore our lost faith in peanut butter.

Nolan Nix
Denver

When I was a lad, people said anyone can be President. How true!

Frank O. Klapp
Tiffin, Ohio

Jimmy Carter is an inspiration to every salesman in America. Unknown and starting from a town of 600 people, he

like Jimmy and Fritz could make the country's economic problems worse ... but they could.

Kimberly Rutledge
Loves Park, Ill.

Mondale for V.P. assures that a shoo-in election will become a cliff-hanger.

Hal Troeger
Grand Marais, Mich.

Shouldn't the grandson of the Democratic candidate be wearing a shirt with donkeys—not elephants—on it?

Nancy C. Marshall
Flushing, N.Y.



packed his bag, hit the road, talked to people and had the convention locked up before it opened.

Jason Hurley
Chicago

Before the convention, I was a Georgian who hung onto grits as my only vestige of "pride." I was ashamed of the rest and hopelessly poisoned by the bitterness I felt toward the society that segregated me from blacks.

Thanks to Jimmy, my faith in America has been restored and my pride in Georgia includes more than grits. I am also learning to smile, and it feels great.

Clyde L. Goodrich
Savannah, Ga.

Poor Senator Mondale—making "only" \$44,600 a year, plus \$1,000 for each speaking appearance. Maybe we should have a special collection to support our new vice-presidential candidate.

Madalyn Tremaroli Fitzpatrick
San Mateo, Calif.

It seems ironic that, with even more inflationary and socialistic programs, two "home-town, all-American boys"

Taking the Heat

The kidnapers of the 26 Chowchilla children [July 26] should be imprisoned in a buried moving van in 90° heat just as the children were.

Tracy Revels
Madison, Fla.

Political Trifles

The exquisite beauty of the performances of Nadia Comaneci and Nelli Kim, coupled with the awesome courage of Japan's Fujimoto, exemplify the true Olympic spirit and put political trifles into the background [July 26].

Patrick Albino
Budd Lake, N.J.

Politics scores a 10.00 this year in Montreal.

(Mrs.) Dorothy Tolley
Jacksonville

It's about time this overgrown circus is cut down to size, to give the IOC the possibility of managing it successfully and the athlete of competing without interference. Maybe we should forget about the Olympics altogether, until we are old enough to know what mutual respect is all about.

Henry F. Hofmann
Glen Head, N.Y.

The incident concerning Olympic athletes from Taiwan is the sort of action we have come to expect from tinpot Third World dictatorships. For the first time in my life I feel truly ashamed to be a Canadian.

B. Cameron Reed
Toronto

God's Prescription

Two years ago I stumbled across a nut brown man and my life was transformed. Now I find this man, Baba Muk-

tananda, in the pages of TIME [July 26]. Thank you for introducing him to your readers.

*Ted Mullenix
Denver*

Maybe Swami Muktananda is God's prescription for what the world needs.

*Thomas G. Warsinske
Ann Arbor, Mich.*

India's unique gift to the world is her meditative tradition and the holy men the Vedic culture has produced throughout history.

Figures such as Buddha and Gandhi have been removed from us, but now one is palpably among us, and the opportunity is thrilling.

*Douglas Broyles
Oakland, Calif.*

Why Me?

The annual physical [July 26] may not be cost-effective, but I prefer to know that my wife and I are being checked on a regular basis for the conditions that could most likely cause our deaths, disability or disfigurement.

*William R. Faurot
Milwaukee*

Many people look upon a checkup as a license to proceed with another year of overeating, overdrinking, oversmoking and overfornicating in an overanxious environment.

Then when disaster strikes, we say, "Why did this happen to me?"

*Joseph F. Siddy, M.D.
Kingsport, Tenn.*

Smog, Good Buddy

An FCC attempt to close the CB pollution of the air waves by allotting more channels [July 26] has the same chance for success as a scheme to cure smog by building more roads.

*Paul Kirley
Auburndale, Mass.*

No Hard-Liner

TIME's coverage of the OPEC conference in Bali [June 7] brought to mind an old professor who, year after year, lectured from his old notes without any effort to update them.

It is absolutely wrong to say that I led a bloc of OPEC hard-liners, since Iran played a neutral role during the meeting.

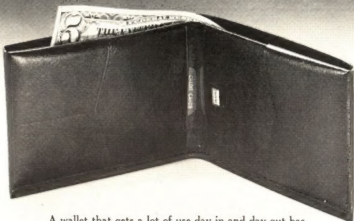
If the accuracy of this article is an example of all TIME's reports, then God save TIME's readers and rescue its editor.

*Jamshid Amouzegar
Minister of Interior
Tehran, Iran*

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TIME, AUGUST 16, 1976

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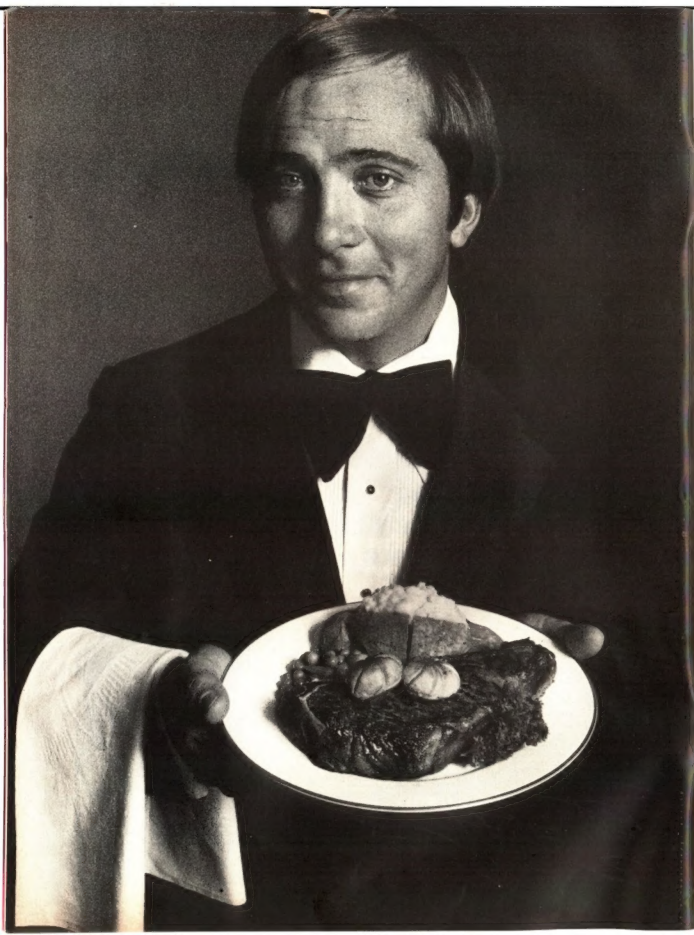
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yellow pages

TIME



WHITE HOUSE VISITORS REACHING FOR FORD IN EAST GARDEN



AMERICAN NOTES

The Earth Alive

Americans for some years have been preoccupied with disasters of man's own making: Viet Nam and Watergate, pollution and terrorism. That preoccupation could produce a form of *hubris*—the idea that men, often enough Americans, so command the planet that they must be to blame when events collapse into tragedy. Viewed from this perspective, disaster must always be attended by accusation and guilt.

The devastating earthquakes in China, the Colorado flood, the mysterious ailment that struck the American Legionnaires in Philadelphia—all suggest a more fundamental, and realistic, perspective. It would be banal to say that such demonstrations of nature's awesome force restore man's humility. Still, it is worth repeating the thesis of French Biologist Jacques Monod that events—and mostly the event of life itself—are profoundly random.

Earthquakes, floods and fugitive diseases are, at any rate, random evidence that the earth itself is mysteriously and sometimes wildly alive. That somehow added to the metaphysical fascination of watching the Americans' Viking lander scratch around in the rusty Martian soil to see if that world, too, had been visited by the secret force.

Betty for Vee?

Betty Ford for Vice President? The novel notion has been proposed in some seriousness by *Forbes* magazine, which argues, reasonably enough, that "all everybody would be talking about, arguing about and enthusing about would

be this unique ticket, this extraordinary running mate." Unique it certainly would be. And the sparkling Betty, clearly one of Gerald Ford's greatest political assets, might well help him attract a larger share of the women's vote in an uphill race if he gets his party's nomination next week in Kansas City.

But a husband-wife team? Might that not be carrying nepotism a bit far? And would it not be the wrong way for women to score the breakthrough? Still, the thought of Vice President Betty, tossing off refreshingly candid and sensible thoughts about almost anything, is intriguing. Too bad Ronald Reagan, so eager to jolt the nomination race open with a startling vice-presidential choice, did not try to unify the party with Betty. For that matter, imagine that Jimmy Carter, in a mood of bipartisan unity and love, had selected Betty. That two—some might well have won the White House by acclamation, saving taxpayers the wear and expense of a fall campaign and November election.

Missouri Compromised

The old Jim Crow notion that separate schools for the races were all right as long as they were equal has, of course, been unconstitutional since the U.S. Supreme Court handed down its landmark 1954 decision on *Brown v. Board of Education of Topeka* (Kans.). Nonetheless, the state of Missouri never got around to deleting a clause from its own constitution calling for "separate schools... for white and colored children." Last week the state's voters were finally given a chance to do so. With 90% of the tally in, the proposition to kill the clause was passed, but by the surprisingly close margin of 527,000 to 390,000.

The number of voters who wanted to keep the provision in the Missouri constitution was a sad reminder of the latent opposition, never too far below the surface, to integrated schools in the U.S.—22 years after the Supreme Court spoke so emphatically on the issue.

The Chassler Connection

It was either the hottest story—or the weirdest coincidence—in the history of publishing. In the staid pages of *Woman's Day* last month, the wife of an Illinois minister preached passionately about how the proposed Equal Rights Amendment to the Constitution would help housewives. In the *Ladies' Home Journal*, the wives of seven 1976 presidential contenders voted 5 to 2 for the ERA and told why. (Only Cornelia Wallace and Nancy Reagan were against it.) The ardently feminist *Ms.* ran a story by Actor Alan Alda explaining how the amendment could benefit men. In fact, one kind of article or another explaining the ERA appeared in the July issue of 34 women's magazines.

It was not, of course, an accident, but the inspiration of Sey Chassler, 56, editor in chief of *Redbook*. After state equal rights amendments went down to defeat in New York and New Jersey last November, Chassler got on the phone and set up a meeting with the editors of *Ms.*, *McCall's*, *Woman's Day*, *Glamour* and *Cosmopolitan* to discuss running stories on the ERA timed for the Bicentennial. The group then wrote the editors at other women's magazines asking them to join the effort. Even Chassler was impressed by the concerted response in print. Says he: "Most of the editors are women, and of course women are far more decisive than men."



RONALD REAGAN AND RICHARD SCHWEIKER IN JACKSON, MISS.

THE NATION

REPUBLICANS

Down to the Wire, and Still a Horse Race

The climax to one of the Republican Party's most intriguing and bitterly contested presidential nomination fights was only two weeks away and yet the outcome was still in doubt. In their more candid moments, campaign aides to President Gerald Ford and Challenger Ronald Reagan agreed to a surprising degree on how the battle shaped up. "I don't think there's any lockup available in this campaign," observed Ford's chairman, Rogers Morton. Said the President's chief delegate hunter, James Baker: "We're a hundred votes ahead of them, and we're still confident of victory, but there hasn't been any spectacular development to resolve the thing once and for all." Admitted a Reagan aide: "The situation is very fluid. But if nothing happens, the President will win the nomination."

All week long Reagan and his bombshell choice for Vice President, Pennsylvania's liberal Senator Richard Schweiker, worked valiantly to make "something happen." Convinced that Ford had been moving toward a narrow, but near certain first-ballot victory, Reagan and Campaign Manager John Sears (see box) had resorted to a desperate gamble. The Schweiker selection, they had hoped, would throw the race into confusion, check the Ford buildup, and give Reagan a chance to break through in the only area where enough wavering Ford supporters and uncommitted delegates seemed ripe for plucking the large Northeast delegations of New York (154 votes) New Jer-

sey (67) and Schweiker's home, Pennsylvania (103). The gamble will keep the Reagan candidacy more or less alive, but it signally failed to produce that needed breakthrough.

Before any sallies into the Northeast could be helpful, Reagan had to nail down his own strength in the South. In a visit to Jackson, Miss., he and Schweiker reassured 13 restless Alabama delegates, who stayed with the ticket. But the two were much less successful in trying to convince the vital Mississippi delegation that Schweiker had shed his liberal horns and that no basic ideological split remained between the two running mates.

The double-edged drive was difficult for Reagan and his putative running mate. Having told Southerners that Schweiker was not nearly as liberal as his voting record suggests, they argued in the North that Reagan's very selection of Schweiker showed that the Californian was not as doctrinaire and rigid a conservative as he has been portrayed. With this rationalization, Reagan managed to open a few more small cracks in Ford's strongest bastions. But he was still far short of cracking those bastions wide enough to give him more than a long-shot chance in Kansas City.

NEW YORK. Strongly influenced by Vice President Nelson Rockefeller, the state had been expected to deliver all but a score or so of its votes to Ford. After the Reagan-Schweiker visit, Reagan gained only two new votes, neither attributable to his selection of Schwe-

ker. TIME's count showed 127 Ford votes in the delegation, 20 for Reagan and seven uncommitted.

NEW JERSEY. Until last week not a single New Jersey delegate had been bold enough to buck the party's state leaders and announce for Reagan, although at least a few had been leaning his way. Last week four came out of the closet, including Joseph Yglesias, a Hudson County house painter, who was more irked at Ford's lack of concern over job cutbacks in the county's Military Ocean Terminal than enchanted by the Schweiker candidacy. Others said they had based their commitments on the belief that Reagan would run better against Carter than would Ford. (Some polls now show Reagan and Ford doing about equally well against Carter—but both dismally behind.) New Jersey now breaks down: Ford 59, Reagan four, uncommitted four.

PENNSYLVANIA. Following up on his own telephoned pleas to most of his home state's delegates, Schweiker joined Reagan in both private and group meetings with about 80 members of the heavily pro-Ford delegation. After a soft-sell afternoon, they claimed that they had made some conversions but failed to name any. The unspecified gains were in addition to ten claimed earlier in the week by Reagan Strategist Sears. But of those ten, TIME had earlier counted five as likely Reagan votes. The delegation wound up at 80 for Ford, 13 for Reagan and ten uncommitted.

Despite all of the week's claims and

Coaxing and Coddling a Delegation

Since Reconstruction, the Republican Party has not amounted to much in Mississippi. It helped Barry Goldwater carry the state in 1964 and Richard Nixon in 1972, and today it has two Congressmen out of five. But it has only two state senators out of 52 and three state representatives out of 122. Jests Mississippi House Member Jerry Gilbreath: "We have a minority leader, a party whip and one whipper—me."

Thus the 60-member Mississippi delegation to the Republican National Convention has been both dismayed and delighted by its potentially pivotal role in selecting the party's presidential nominee. It has also been confused. After Ronald Reagan named the liberal Senator Richard Schweiker as his choice for a running mate, Delegate Malcolm Mabry changed his mind twice in 48 hours. He finally settled on Reagan—right where he had begun.

In coaxing and coddling the delegation, Reagan and Gerald Ford were dealing with a highly unpredictable beast. It is a shaky coalition of men and women, most of whom had bravely bolted the Democratic Party in the early 1960s, and a more recent group of "Bull Moosers," who are more aggressively seeking public office for the party or themselves.

The pioneers include State Chairman Clarke Reed, a Greenville businessman. W. D. ("Billy") Moulner, a wealthy contributor from Jackson; and Swan Yerger, a Jackson attorney. The new breed is led by Gil Carmichael, a Meridian Volkswagen dealer who ran remarkable, but losing, races for Senator and Governor. Following tradition, the two factions agreed in April that the delegation would cast all of its 30 votes as a unit, based on a majority vote among all 60 members.

Still, tensions remain. The older Republicans, mainly for Reagan, have bristled at the intense pressures being applied by the insurgents, who generally back Ford. Three weeks ago, Reed was angered by what he termed Carmichael's "lies"

in claiming that Ford then had 30 votes and Reagan would accept second place on a Ford ticket. Repeated soundings by TIME correspondents showed that Mississippi had been leaning toward Reagan, but his choice of Schweiker pushed the delegation into a truly uncertain category.

Ford took advantage of the opening two weeks ago, flying to Jackson with Wife Betty to pose for photos with individual delegates and plunging into a two-hour, closed question-and-answer session. "He acted like the President of the U.S. should," said one delegate. Reagan supporters had prepared a three-page list of hot queries, but Ford was ready. One reason a synthetic delegate had slipped the White House an advance

REAGAN WITH MISSISSIPPI DELEGATES

look at most of the questions. After Ford's successful trip, his chief Southern strategist, Harry Dent, said any attempt to get the delegation to buy the Schweiker candidacy would be "like trying to sell iceboxes to Eskimos."

Reagan and Schweiker both made an earnest try last week. In Jackson, they held a private two-hour meeting with 51 of the delegates and alternates. The Ford backers emerged confident. "He blew it," Delegate Doug Shanks, Ford's state coordinator, said of Schweiker. Agreed Alternate E.C. ("Bubba") Harris, a Pascagoula chemical engineer: "He explained his voting record. But I just couldn't buy it. I cannot see President Schweiker carrying out the policies of the late President Reagan." Conceded Reagan Delegate Coordinator Yerger: "It's hard to say if we held our own. We may have lost one or two."

Overall, the delegation is a mixture of lawyers, businessmen, farmers, public officials and housewives. One-third are women; only four are black. Difficult to gauge, the delegation is moving cautiously toward its decision. "What if we'd endorsed Reagan two weeks ago?" asked State Legislator Gilbreath last week. "Where'd we be now? Up the creek, that's where."

The delegation insists that it will not decide how to vote until it reaches Kansas City. TIME's latest count shows that Ford gained three delegates last week. The totals: Ford 30, Reagan 16, uncommitted 14. If the delegation decided to abandon the unit rule, however, the 30 alternates would not count. That would produce a closer match: Ford 12, Reagan 9, uncommitted 9. While still slipping toward Ford, the Mississippi delegation remained one of the most fascinating mysteries of the G.O.P.'s dramatic battle.

counterclaims. TIME's delegate count at week's end included enough scattered shifts to leave the two candidates' totals precisely where they were the week before. Ford had 1,126 delegates, just four short of the 1,130 needed for the nomination. Reagan 1,048, while 85 were uncommitted.

Unless the Reagan camp can turn up many more converts to his cause, Schweiker will continue to look like more of a liability than an asset. While agreeing to stand behind Reagan, delegates from the South and West raised the possibility of resisting any Schweiker nomination at the convention. North Carolina Delegate Larry W. Godwin, Reagan's chairman in Harnett County, sent out some 900 letters to delegates arguing that "we can do better than Schweiker" and urging them not to commit themselves to the Pennsylvania. Some Reagan aides even passed the quiet word in North Carolina that he might yet change his mind about Schweiker. Conservative Columnist William Buckley supported the idea, blandly suggesting to the convention that it could always reject Schweiker and hinting that Reagan would not strenuously object. Such a switch would make Reagan look either profoundly opportunistic or as had a bumbler on the vice-presidential decision as Democrat George McGovern in 1972.

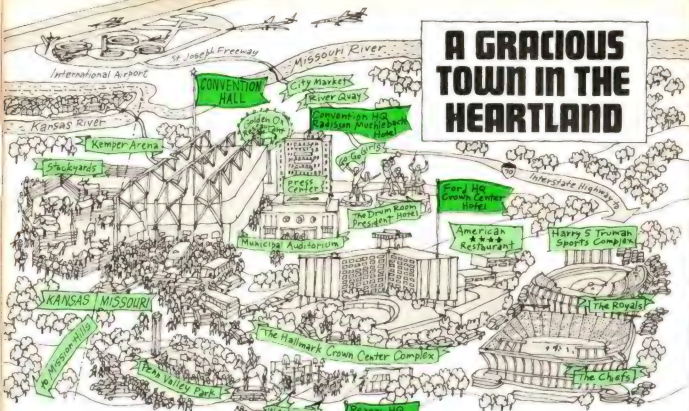
Wisely Waited. One part of the Reagan strategy clearly did not work. By announcing his running mate in advance, he had hoped to pressure Ford into doing the same. While some delegates grumbled that they wanted all of Ford's cards on the table too, the President toyed with the idea only briefly, then decided—wisely—to await his own possible nomination before revealing his choice. Any advance announcement obviously would have needlessly irked some delegates.

Already the prominent mention of Texan John Connally as being high on Ford's list was raising the objections of some moderate and liberal Republicans, who warned that the former Texas Governor would be a liability because of his close connection with former President Richard Nixon and lingering doubts about his role in the Nixon milk scandal.

Certainly, Reagan's gamble with Schweiker had achieved a secondary purpose of confusing matters and raising the choice of a Vice President as an emotional issue in the minds of delegates. But his urgent need was to press on in hard pursuit of delegates who are becoming more elusive as they weary of all the conflicting pressures. As one pro-Reagan delegate, Delaware's William Swain Lee, explained his fed-up feelings, "After what I've been through, I'd stay with Reagan even if the heavens opened up and a voice from the sky told me I was wrong." Plainly, many of the Ford delegates were digging in too as the Kansas City showdown neared.



A GRACIOUS TOWN IN THE HEARTLAND



People who have never been there think vaguely of flatlands, stockyards and Rodgers and Hammerstein. In fact, Kansas City is built upon gently rolling, wooded hills on the banks of the Missouri, its stockyards are all but closed down, and everything is not only up to date but often remarkably sophisticated. Andre Maurois was so taken with the place after a visit in the '40s that he wrote: "Who in Europe, or in America, for that matter, knows that Kansas City is one of the loveliest cities on earth?"

That may be an exaggeration, although Kansas City's fiercely chauvinistic boosters do not think so. Unfortunately, many of the 22,000 people swarming into Kansas City, Mo., next week for the G O P Convention will not see the best of the town. The new 17,000-seat, \$23.2 million Kemper Arena, where the Republicans will gather, is set like a snow-white spaceship in the bottoms along the Missouri, just next to the decaying old stockyards. Delegates heading for the hall will encounter such scenery as the Columbia Burlap Co. and the Sweet Lassy Feed Co. If the Republicans want to browse near by during a convention break, they will have to settle for Farm World, a shop specializing in serums, wormers and insecticides, or the Kansas City Vaccine Co., which sells animal vaccines and veterinarians' instruments. The best restaurant near the hall, a steak house called the Golden Ox, will be jammed, so visitors may find themselves staying inside the hall, settling for hot dogs. For those unfortun-



ates, however, there will be at least one amenity. As a concession to the city's midsummer heat, the Republican National Committee agreed to allow the sale of beer inside the arena.

Kansas City (pop. 513,000) is spread out over 316 square miles. That spaciousness is one of its charms, but distances make it difficult for visitors without cars to inspect the place. Actually, like many Midwestern cities—except Chicago—Kansas City is two cities: downtown and elsewhere. The city is now laboring to restore the dreary 140-

sq block downtown area, which is populated only during office hours and abandoned at 5.

The city that Maurois was writing about is elsewhere, outside the downtown area. Kansas City has 118 miles of tree-lined parkways and gracious boulevards and 7,211 acres of public parks. Kansas Cityans have a fetish for fountains; it is almost a *gaucherie* for a developer to erect a building without one outside. The latest is a \$150,000 concrete and steel-alloy fountain in Blue Valley Park. Some of the loveliest are in the Spanish-style Country Club Plaza, an opulent shopping and residential complex; it was the nation's first shopping center when Developer J.C. Nichols built it in the early '20s.

Rolling Countryside. Kansas City's tone and civic *esprit* are set by a cluster of local business leaders like Joyce Hall and his son Donald (Hallmark Cards, which has its headquarters in the new \$350 million Crown Center) and Henry Bloch (H & R Block, the tax firm), who likes to say: "No one is anxious to cover all this beautiful rolling countryside with concrete." The town is full of monuments to the leaders' enthusiasm. There is the Nelson Art Gallery, for example, built by the estate of the late William Rockhill Nelson, founder of the Kansas City *Star*. The gallery now has one of the most important collections of Chinese art in the world.

Some other attractions next week: the Kansas City Royals, currently one of the hottest teams in the American League, will have three home games.

THE NATION

For those who can get tickets, Yul Brynner will be appearing all week in *The King and I* at the Starlight Theater in Swope Park. On the whole, however, few will be tempted to say, in the style of Dr. Johnson: "When a man is tired of Kansas City, he is tired of life."

Pitch a Tent. Kansas City has gone about preparing for the convention with the solid and discreet industriousness that is the city's trademark. Some 2,500 volunteers have been mustered in 54 committees, with each assigned a delegation. It has been difficult making housing arrangements for the incoming delegates, alternates, their families, newpeople, hangers-on and, as it seems, half the U.S. Government. Roughly 80 hotels are being used, some of them as far away as Topeka, Kans., 65 miles to the west. But only a score are fully first class, and that includes such mo-

per Arena is only a mile from the heart of the city, and traffic should be light in late afternoon and evening hours.

New Yorker Calvin Trillin, a native of the city, has rather eccentrically written that Kansas City has the best restaurants in the world. The best of the best, says Trillin, is Arthur Bryant's barbecue restaurant. Actually, Kansas City has few very good restaurants. The best are the American Restaurant in the Crown Center complex and Jasper's, seven miles south of downtown. In general, places like McDonald's will probably do very good business during the convention.

Kansas City has festooned itself with red, white and blue bunting for the convention. Practically everything in town seems to

coalition announced that it expected at least 2,500 demonstrators and that despite the turndown they would camp in Penn Valley Park, bathe in the park's small lake and dig latrines with a rented backhoe. That threat was greeted with some truculence. "By God," countered Parks Director Frank Vaydik, "they aren't going to tear up anything in that park. I don't care who I have to call in." The entire 1,200-man Kansas City police department has been given crowd-control training and put on full alert, more than 325 Missouri state po-



INSIDE KEMPER ARENA; J.C. NICHOLS MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN ON COUNTRY CLUB PLAZA; THE NEW CROWN CENTER COMPLEX

tels as Holiday and Ramada inns. The remainder are mostly second- or third-rate places, although all are supposed to be neat, clean and helpfully air conditioned.

A crisis erupted when Richard Frame, vice chairman of Pennsylvania's delegation, complained that staying at the Hilton Airport Plaza Inn would be like getting stuck in the middle of "a cornfield—you can't walk to a bar or get a suit pressed." Though the Hilton Plaza is eleven miles from the Kemper Arena, it is not in a cornfield, has four bars, swimming pool, tennis courts and one-day valet service. Accordingly, Manager Maurice Blum threatened to cancel "the whole damn delegation" when he heard Frame's remark and suggested, "Let them go pitch a tent in a cornfield." Frame apologized, but Blum is still fuming.

Transportation at the convention should be fairly good. The city has mobilized 200 buses and 1,000 taxis. The fact that downtown Kansas City clears out at 5 p.m. may be a blessing, the Kem-



per smell of fresh paint, including such bump-and-grind joints along Twelfth Street as the Pink Door (a new coat of pink, naturally) and the Can-Can Club (mauve and green). Even Ray's Playpen, the city's leading porno shop, has redecorated its windows with a donkey and an elephant, both looking sedate.

The only discord involves possible demonstrations. The Kansas City Convention Coalition, a mixed bag of protesters ranging from homosexuals to Yippies and anarchists, requested a permit to camp out in Penn Valley Park, a large expanse just behind the Crown Center, where President Ford will be staying. The city refused. Last week the



lice and deputy sheriffs from surrounding counties have been mustered to help. Since the Kansas state line runs next to the Kemper Arena, squads of cops from Kansas City, Kans., will patrol there.

Damn Right. The city hopes to gross about \$8 million on the convention, a good return on an investment of only \$500,000. Frugal Democratic Mayor Charles Wheeler plans to recover even some of that money. When the convention is over, the 4-ft.-long sounding block on which the gavel is pounded will be cut up into 2½-in. chips and placed on commemorative plaques. Price: \$100 each. Does Wheeler, a good Democrat, plan to buy one? Says he: "Damn right. Every family needs one."

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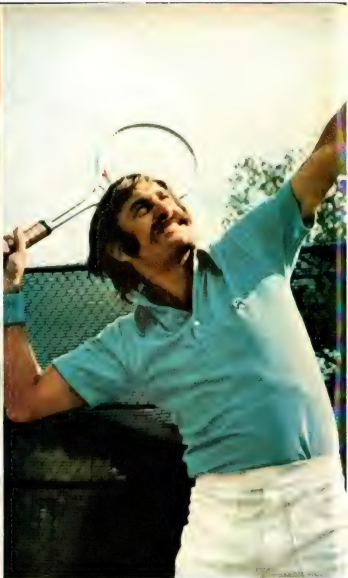
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ROBERT DOLE



MARY LOUISE SMITH

The People on the Podium

"The more peace the better," says Arizona Congressman John Rhodes, who will serve as permanent chairman of next week's Republican Convention. "I'd like to have it as dull as the Democrats did." Rhodes is unlikely to get his wish. In fact, preventing the convention from degenerating into factional strife is the job confronting Rhodes and three other Republicans who will spend much of their time on the podium at the Kemper Arena. The four:

JOHN RHODES, 59, House Minority Leader, who, as permanent chairman of the convention, will have the power to recognize delegates and make rulings

that could prove decisive. Rhodes will thus be the most powerful figure on the podium—until the nominee mounts it to deliver his acceptance speech. A genuine intellectual and the first Republican elected to the House from Arizona, he will rule on any disputes that may arise between the forces supporting President Ford and Challenger Ronald Reagan. The most crucial one could be over whether delegates must vote for the candidate they were chosen to support by home-state voters, or whether they are free to cast their ballots as they wish. A companion stickler: Can delegates abstain? Since it is generally agreed that Ford's strength will wane if there is more

than one ballot, Reaganites might attempt to promote abstentions, depriving the President of the winning 1,130 votes.

Rhodes met privately last week with both Ford and Reagan strategists and bluntly told them that if the rulings are left to him, he will not tolerate abstentions and will demand that delegates back the candidate they were chosen to support. Declared Rhodes: "If you decide that the delegates can ignore the results of a presidential preference primary, then the primaries are meaningless."

HOWARD BAKER, 50, Senator from Tennessee, who will be the keynoter. His on-camera presence and mellifluous flow of sophisticated country wisdom enchanted audiences during the Water-

Sears: Reagan's High-Roller

During an airborne poker game aboard a 1968 Nixon campaign flight, the Electra shuddered, then dived—suddenly and steeply. A pot of greenbacks and a few coins went sailing down the aisle; little of it was ever retrieved. It was one of the few times when John Sears did not win at poker. Sears is currently playing for infinitely higher stakes as Ronald Reagan's campaign manager. Thus, when the Californian's presidential hopes took a nosedive last month, Gambler Sears was forced to try to salvage the situation. By persuading Reagan to announce that Pennsylvania Senator Richard Schweiker was his choice as running mate, Sears confused the Republican delegate picture sufficiently to stanch the flow of support to Ford and keep Reagan alive. But the move—by outraging some conservatives—may also have guaranteed Ford's nomination. Whether Sears' greatest gamble was shrewd or foolhardy will not be entirely clear until after the Republican presidential nominee is selected next week.

Whatever happens, the suave, unflappable Sears has emerged as the most intriguing of the 1976 political campaign managers. Smoother and brighter than Ford's Rogers Morton and the departed Bo Callaway, far more seasoned and self-assured than Jimmy Carter's Hamilton Jordan, Sears is more a technician than an ideologue. This perhaps explains the Schweiker ploy: to Sears, Schweiker's potential influence on Northeast delegations was a plus that far outweighed the negatives of his liberal philosophy.

A plumpish, graying Washington lawyer who is fond of Dewar's Scotch and Viceroy cigarettes, Sears, 36, was born in Syracuse, N.Y., schooled at Notre Dame and Georgetown University Law Center. He got his start in politics as a 26-year-old whiz kid preparing for Nixon's 1968 campaign.

CAMPAIGN MANAGER JOHN SEARS



As a novice lawyer in Nixon's New York law firm, he had impressed the future President with his political savvy. When he missed forecasting Nixon's final delegate tally by only one vote, Sears became something of a legend. But the men closest to Nixon—John Mitchell, H. R. Haldeman and John Ehrlichman—felt their own political wisdom was all the President required.

Sears was phased out of the Nixon Administration during its first year, suspected of leaking to the press. In 1969 he became the object of a Mitchell-authorized telephone wiretap.

After leaving Nixon, he practiced law from an office near the White House and was prospering. Convinced he would not be offered the primary role in Ford's 1976 campaign and doubtful, he says, that the President could win, Sears encouraged Reagan to challenge the incumbent. When the former California Governor finally agreed, Sears took command.

In politics, Sears works long hours, many of them talking and drinking with politicians and reporters late at night. He abhors paper work, reads few memos and writes even fewer.

The deceptively amiable Sears has been far from an unqualified success. His early strategy—to inflict defeats in the first few

primaries and knock Ford out of the race by the end of March—flopped. When Ford won in New Hampshire, Florida and Illinois, Reagan had neither the resources nor the time to gear up for the primaries in delegate-rich New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Most of these delegates went to Ford virtually by default, as did Ohio's. That huge harvest of Ford delegates made the Schweiker gamble Reagan's last hope: unless uncommitted delegates or unenthusiastic Ford delegates in those big states could be won over to Reagan, the challenger could not possibly amass the needed 1,130 votes. Most Republicans agree that if Sears does not emerge from the convention as the goat of the G.O.P., he may well emerge as its genius.

THE NATION

gate hearings—although his tendency to sermonize diluted his effectiveness as an interrogator. The astute Baker is keenly aware of the opportunities a resoundingly successful keynote speech could open to him; a possible vice-presidential nomination or enhanced stature that could lead to a place on the 1980 ticket—perhaps the top spot.

Although Baker is a Ford supporter and is credited with the President's narrow victory in the Tennessee primary, he has maintained good relations with Reagan and can be depended on to deliver a keynote speech that will not offend partisans of either candidate.

MARY LOUISE SMITH, 61, the first woman chairman of the Republican National Committee, will be one of the few women with a key role. Named party chairman by Ford shortly after he became President in 1974, she was widely regarded as a caretaker who would swiftly be replaced. An ill-advised public relations scheme that included a costly television flop (*Republicans Are People Too*) seemed to ensure her early departure. But the gentle mother of three and grandmother of five proved to have staying power. When the convention is called to order at 10:30 a.m. next Monday, Ford backer Mary Louise Smith, a native of Eddyville, Iowa, will be wielding the gavel.

ROBERT DOLE, 53, Senator from Kansas, who, as temporary convention chairman, will not have nearly the power vested in Rhodes but will preside over most of the first two days. Dole brought 28 of Kansas' 34 delegates into the Ford camp. Now in his second term in the Senate, the handsome, urbane Dole first gained national recognition as an acerbic, stiletto-tongued defender of Richard Nixon in the late 1960s.

As a reward, Nixon appointed Dole chairman of the Republican National Committee in 1971. Because he was later frequently at odds with the White House and Nixon's re-election committee, the President unceremoniously dumped him in 1973. He will speak on the convention's opening day, and while Keynote Baker will take the high road, Dole's assignment is to tear apart the Democratic ticket. Smiles Dole: "They want me to throw a little raw meat to the delegates."

PRIMARIES

A Ghastly Election Finale

As the blue and white, twin-engine Beechcraft Baron lifted off the choppy runway in Chillicothe, Mo., one evening last week, its occupants had good cause for jubilation. Millionaire Congressman Jerry Litton had just scored a dramatic upset in Missouri's Democratic senatorial primary. Now, accompanied by family and friends, he was headed for a victory party with 1,500 campaign workers in Kansas City's Hilton Plaza Inn.

Suddenly, less than 200 ft off the ground, one of the Beechcraft's engines apparently went dead. The plane banked sharply to the left, then plunged to earth. It tore through a barbed-wire fence, crashed in a soybean field and burst into flames that shot 30 ft high. Amid the ashes and wreckage, sheriff's deputies found the bodies of Litton, 39, his wife Sharon, 36, and their two children. With them were their longtime friend and pilot Paul Rupp Jr. and his 18-year-old son. It was a ghastly finale to what had been one of the greatest days of Litton's political career.

Early results were just coming in

when Litton left for the airport and the 22-min. flight to Kansas City. Moments before takeoff, the exuberant candidate telephoned ahead from an airport phone booth and told one of his campaign workers: "We're going to win it big."

It had been one of the freest-spending campaigns in Missouri's history. Eventually, returns showed that Litton had won 45% of the vote. Former Governor Warren Hearnes, 53, trailed with 27%. In third place was Congressman James W. Symington, 48, the early favorite to take the nomination and thus earn the chance to succeed his father, retiring Senator Stuart Symington, 75, who has held the seat since 1952.

Folksy Appeal. Litton parlayed hard work and a folksy appeal to victory. Up from impoverished beginnings, he helped build a successful Charolais cattle-breeding operation that he sold in 1974 for \$3.8 million. The money went into a blind trust. First elected to Congress from rural western Missouri in 1972, he was re-elected in a landslide and decided to go after a Senate seat this year. When the contest began, Litton was 25 points behind the favored Symington in opinion polls.

With sheer hard work and a whopping \$950,000 (vs. Symington's \$550,000), he closed the gap. Rural Missourians, unimpressed by Symington's credentials as a former U.S. Chief of Protocol, voted for Litton in droves, and a last-minute TV blitz cut into Symington's margin in metropolitan St. Louis.

Now the somber task of choosing Litton's successor as nominee falls to Missouri's Democratic state committee.

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**Datsun
Days**

which could act as early as this week. Because of his third place finish, Symington withdrew his name from consideration. That left Hearn with the inside track—and the G.O.P. with an even stronger chance of picking up a Senate seat in November. The Republican nominee is State Attorney General John C. Danforth, 39, heir to the Ralston-Purina fortune and a skillful vote getter.

■ ■ ■

There were other upsets in Democratic senatorial primaries last week. One of the most spectacular came in Michigan, where the party was choosing a successor to retiring Michigan Democrat Philip A. Hart, 63, the stalwart liberal who is gravely ill with lymphatic cancer. Maverick Congressman

Donald Riegle, 38, ignored the wishes of the kingmaking United Auto Workers and challenged favored State Secretary Richard Austin, 63, for the nomination. Riegle won, 44% to 29%. A former Republican Congressman whose liberal policies earned him a place on Richard Nixon's enemies list, Riegle switched to the Democrats in 1973 and this time ran as the loner against the state Democratic establishment.

Kickback Charges. Riegle effectively projected the image of a tough, young, shirt-sleeved contender with no great love for Washington. He also outspent Austin, a black, by an estimated \$350,000 to \$200,000, in a contest where voters split along racial lines. Austin's campaign was seriously hurt by charges that he had taken kickbacks from the

state's private license-plate vendors. When it was revealed that they had installed \$10,000 worth of air-conditioning in his house as a "gift," his reply was that he did not know it was being done. Riegle will run in November against Republican Representative Marvin Esh, 49, a moderate, ten-year congressional veteran from Ann Arbor.

In Tennessee, former Democratic State Chairman James Sasser, 39, plucked the nomination away from favored John J. Hooker Jr., 45, a Nashville lawyer and businessman. Sasser, also a Nashville lawyer, was an early backer of Jimmy Carter, and had the support of blacks and labor. He won 44% of the vote to Hooker's 31% and is considered a serious threat to incumbent Republican Senator William Brock.

THE PRESIDENCY/HUGH SIDY

In Praise of the Brown Bag

We are back to debating John Stuart Mill's essay *On Liberty* (1859). Not all the participants know it by that name, but Mill's idea of the free and sovereign individual may be, aside from the character of the presidential aspirants, the most compelling issue in this campaign. Every person, Mill argued, should be given all possible liberty, provided it does not infringe on the liberty of others. This must be so, said Mill, even if some people insist on using that liberty to hurt or diminish themselves.

Mill reached his conclusion after pondering "the nature and limits of the power which can be legitimately exercised by society over the individual." Defining the limits has always been at the heart of our political argument, though the debate is often overshadowed by more immediate issues. But because the world is calm and no great national crisis has so far intruded into or focused the campaign, there has been time to grow a bit more philosophical than usual.

It is evident that in many areas of American life we have reached the threshold of tolerance for Government interference. It is not a matter of ideology. It is plain human protest against inconvenience, burden and limitation.

It popped up in the hearings last week on automobile air bags. Secretary of Transportation William Coleman said the decision on installing the devices "raises fundamental questions about the proper role of Government in the lives of the citizens of this country." Linking auto ignitions to seat belts went too far, Coleman noted, and so may laws requiring motorcycle helmets. After a great public cry, the maddening buzzer system was thrown out, and helmet laws are now being attacked. Mill might have nodded approval. Not Consumer Advocate Ralph Nader, who protested last week that by not making air bags mandatory, the Government was "condemning 10,000 people to death and hundreds of thousands of people to needless injury."

The debate surfaced in another form when Jimmy Carter speaking

in Manchester, N.H., voiced vast concern about the state of the American family, reciting a litany of despair on divorce, delinquency, illegitimate births, venereal disease and other scourges. Dedicated conservatives fear such talk portends a huge new program that will further classify, regulate and meddle with the American family, compounding the damage that has already been done (they claim) by the hundreds of schemes enacted in recent years. The conservatives do not understand, claim Carter and Vice-Presidential Nominee Walter Mondale. What they advocate, they say, is new Government attention to correct old Government failures, to protect families against mindless, heartless, insensitive bureaucratic intrusions so that people can preserve and nurture traditional American values in this accelerated and crowded society. "If we want less Government," said Carter, "we must have stronger families." The argument is so complex and subtle that even Mill might have been hard put to resolve it.

One of the more delightful episodes in the debate occurred a while back, when the Senate overrode Ford's veto of a bill to expand school breakfast and lunch programs. Maryland's wily Charles Mathias Jr., a bona fide liberal, took the floor to support the override and also sound a warning in the form of an ode to the old brown bag.

Fretted Mathias: "I cannot help but wonder whether, by continuing and expanding the school lunch program, we aren't witnessing, if not encouraging, the slow demise of yet another American tradition, the brown bag. Perhaps we are beholding yet another break in the chain that links child to home."

"The brown bag, of course, had its imperfections. While some kids carried roast beef sandwiches, others had peanut butter. I have no way of knowing if all of those brown bags contained 'nutritionally adequate diets.' But I do know that those brown bags and those lunch pails symbolized parental love and responsibility. In our desire to see to it that all children in America are adequately fed, housed, clothed, educated and kept healthy, let us take care that we do not undermine the role of parents in the lives of their children."

That is John Stuart Mill's classic debate in a nutshell, or rather, a brown bag.

SCHOOLCHILD WITH LUNCH BAG (1930)



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EASTERN MOUTH OF COLORADO'S BIG THOMPSON CANYON TWO DAYS AFTER FLOOD OBLITERATED THE ROADWAY

DISASTERS

Now, There's Nothing There

In a cabin somewhere down below, he had spent his honeymoon. Now he could not find the cabin—or much of anything else. Gazing through the window of a helicopter, Colorado's Governor Richard Lamm, 41, stared in silence at the apocalyptic scene along the banks of the Big Thompson River—sprayed bridges, kindling from hundreds of vanished homes, hulks of cars turned upside down like giant beetles. "We found a hotel ledger this morning that showed 23 paying guests," he said finally to *TIME* Correspondent David De Voss. "But we can't find the people. The river has reclaimed the canyon from all its intruders."

The devastation was so complete that even after a week of rescue work, nobody knew for sure how much damage had been caused when a torrential downpour sent a flash flood raging down the canyon, 40 miles north of Denver. The disaster struck on the centennial of Colorado's entry into the U.S. and it was certainly the most stunning in the state's history. Some communities vir-

tually disappeared, and the loss was estimated at \$50 million.

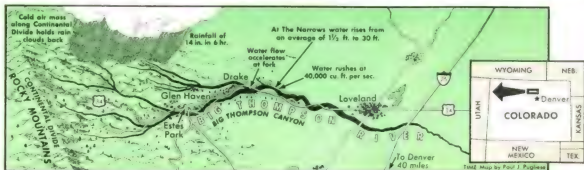
Some bodies were easy to find; they dangled grotesquely from trees, protruded from shoals, or were wedged into crevices high up on the canyon wall. But the waters had hidden corpses everywhere. Others were found in corn- and hayfields near Loveland, eight miles beyond the canyon's mouth. One body was carried 25 miles to Greeley. At week's end the death total was nearing 100. But, incredibly, more than 800 people were still missing six days after the flood—the most graphic illustration of the power of the water that had cascaded down from the mountains.

Cooling Vapor. The Big Thompson River canyon had long been a very special place for Colorado residents and tourists alike. Situated on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, the canyon starts at about 7,500 ft. In a stretch of 25 miles, moving eastward from the Continental Divide, it descends some 2,000 ft. The walls of the canyon tower over what used to be a pleasant trout

stream sparkling in the depths below. The canyon was not unspoiled, but neither was it ruined by money: the big Aspen-style condominiums had been kept away, and most of the 1,400 dwellings along the river were rustic cabins whose owners often were retirees.

The idea that a flood—a real flood—could hit the Big Thompson seemed preposterous. The area averaged only 14 in. of rain a year, and the river was only about 18 in. deep. When storm clouds began building up in the late afternoon of July 31, no one was very worried. Such clouds are normally dispersed by strong 30-to-40-m.p.h. winds blowing easterly across the Rockies. But this time, a nearly stagnant cold front lay over the peaks. As the dark clouds rose over a cul-de-sac at Estes Park, far up in the canyon, they collided with the mass of cold air. The cooling vapor began to condense into drops. At 6 p.m. it began to rain on the high eastern slopes of the Continental Divide. Nobody could have predicted that in the next six nightmarish hours, 14 in. would fall—as much as in a normal year.

At 7:35 p.m. the National Weather Service in Denver warned of severe thunderstorms and noted the possibility of flooding. Shortly thereafter, County





REFUGEES THREAD WAY TO SAFETY

Sheriff Bob Watson began to worry about the campers and residents in the Big Thompson canyon. At about 8:30 p.m. two of his deputies and two state patrolmen started trying to persuade people to move out. Most of them stayed put, pointing out that it was not even raining where they were. "We had trouble convincing them that the river was even coming up," says Watson. "They'd want to know if it was coming up to here," (he touched his thigh) "or to here" (he touched his waist).

At 8:45 p.m., in the midst of the Olympics, Helen Hill's television set suddenly went dark. She walked out of her house, which is 300 ft from the river. Everything looked all right, she recalls, "but the wind told me what was coming."

As a wall of water hurtled down the canyon, a wailing and moaning wind



DEVASTATION LEFT BY THE RAMPAGING WATERS NEAR ESTES PARK, HIGH IN THE CANYON

"I saw poor Mrs. Greeley—84, she is—go down the river."

preceded it along the Big Thompson. When the water began to rise, Helen Hill, who is in her mid-fifties, scrambled to a perch five limbs up on a ponderosa pine and later that night watched the flood in a series of flickering still lifes illuminated by lightning. "I saw poor Mrs. Greeley—84, she is—go down the river. And I could hear the cabins around us go. They sounded like the lid of a wooden apple box being pried off."

Hissing Gas. By 9 p.m. the police officers who were spreading the alarm were running into trouble themselves. The rising waters apparently caught the car driven by Sergeant W. Hugh Purdy, 53, a state patrolman, and swept it away. As far as can be determined, he was the first to die in the flood.

As the river surged over its banks, Andy and Barbara Anderson abandoned their home two minutes before a wave of debris deposited six feet of silt in their living room. With their two daughters, they just managed to drive to high ground. The night passed slowly. The smell was overwhelming: a mixture of sewage, diesel fuel and the gas from propane tanks. The escaping gas sounded like a banister's wail as it hissed through broken connections. The on-rushing waters roared like an avalanche.

"I'll never forget the screams of people frantically waving flashlights as they

passed by," says Barbara Anderson. Cars floated past like funeral barks, their headlights still ablaze, before they were smashed or submerged. Trailers were swept along with people trapped inside. The Andersons could hear the screams until they were muffled by the sounds of the mobile homes breaking up.

When dazed survivors climbed down from trees or ledges on Sunday morning, they found a new canyon, at 30 separate places the Big Thompson had jumped its banks to change course. Hydrologists were equally stunned by the sheer force the flood had generated. Once in 100 years, they had figured, the Big Thompson might be hit by a flood sending 19,000 cu. ft. of water a second through a section called The Narrows at a depth of 12 ft. But the storm that destroyed a vacationland sent 40,000 cu. ft. per sec. through the gap at an incredible depth of 30 ft.—some 320,000 gal. per sec. In the hamlet of Glen Haven, 80% of the buildings were seriously damaged or destroyed. Most of Drake's 200 residents are still missing and the village remains cut off. From Drake east to the mouth of the canyon, nearly everything has disappeared.

All Gone. As the rescue work went on, searchers began using German shepherds and bloodhounds to find bodies. Many of the dead were battered so hard against rocks and the walls of the canyon that they were stripped of their clothes. Some of the corpses were dismembered, most were bloated and unrecognizable. To make identifications, five dentists and eight FBI fingerprint specialists were called in.

At Loveland High School, which was converted into a rescue center, Andy Anderson thought back over his experience. "You know," he said, "just Saturday morning I was saying to a neighbor how lucky we were to be living in the middle of what God created. Then all of a sudden it's all gone. I'll never forget seeing all those families killed and that takes a lot of beauty out of the place. I don't want to go back to Iowa. But there's no way to sit here and enjoy the view because there's nothing there."



RESCUE WORKER ROLF KOCH RUSHES INFANT TO A WAITING HELICOPTER

AMERICAN SCENE

A New Queen Reigns on the River

Once they were the undisputed mistresses of the world's greatest commercial waterway. They still evoke memories of a long-departed era that Mark Twain—whose very nom de plume is derived from navigation terminology of the day—described in *Life on the Mississippi*. Today the great paddle-wheeling river steamboat is a species almost as endangered as the whooping crane—and likewise protected by the Government. The last wooden-decked steamboat, the 1,500 miles of river from Cincinnati to New Orleans under a special congressional exemption from the federal safety-at-sea law. Now she has company on her route: the spanking-new, 379-ft. Mississippi Queen, an all-steel stern-wheeler that this week completes her 18-day maiden round-trip voyage. *TIME* Correspondent Anne Constable was aboard on the first leg of the journey. Her report.

"All ashore that's going ashore! All aboard that's coming aboard!" Resplendent in a white dress uniform with new, gold commodore's bars on the shoulders, Captain Ernest Wagner, 66, pulled a well-chewed cigar from his mouth to shout his time-honored warning from the end of the gangplank. Then he climbed five decks to the wing bridge adjoining the pilot house and ordered the long pitman driving arms of the 2,000-horsepower steam engine to begin turning the 35-ft.-wide red paddle wheel. American flags fluttered to port and to

starboard. Decked out in red, white and blue bunting, the *Mississippi Queen* pulled slowly away from Cincinnati's Public Landing. The maiden voyage of the first overnight steamboat built in 50 years was officially under way.

A 100-year-old brass bell rang out from the bow. Music from the world's largest steam calliope floated to the shore, where hundreds of spectators gathered to watch. A flotilla of small craft escorted the shining white steamer under the Cincinnati Suspension Bridge as it headed for Louisville at the start of its leisurely journey to New Orleans and back.

Longer than a football field, 77 ft. high with her twin stacks raised, the *Mississippi Queen* is a world apart from the wooden tinderboxes that traveled the Ohio and Mississippi rivers in the 19th century. By the time she left the shipyard in Jeffersonville, Ind., last month, the *Queen* had cost \$23.5 million. She has seven decks, with 218 state-rooms tastefully appointed in muted grays and browns. There is a swimming pool, a sauna, a movie theater, a two-deck dining room and a grand salon. Originally the *Queen* was intended to be a much closer copy of her predecessors but, as one river regular explained, "steel and asbestos don't lend themselves to curlicues and steamboat gothic."

The new *Queen's* owner, the Delta Queen Steamboat Co. (a subsidiary of the Coca-Cola Bottling Co. of New York), estimates that it will take 25 years

for her to pay off. Even then, she will have to carry 300 passengers every time she leaves port just in order to break even (passenger capacity: 500). Nonetheless the company is convinced that its gamble is a good one. The faded *Delta Queen* has run at over 90% occupancy for the past three years, with many cruises fully booked six months in advance. But a week's passage on the new boat can cost more than \$1,000, and while it takes only two hours to fly from Cincinnati to New Orleans, the *Mississippi Queen* chugs along for seven days at a top speed of 15 m.p.h.

Who likes to travel this way? Many golden agers—retired couples with time and money. Of the 479 people on board for the maiden voyage, all were white, mostly upper-middle-class Protestants with ties in the Midwest. "It's for people who like things slow and pampered," says Betty Blake, president of the Delta Queen Steamboat Co. "They've read Mark Twain, and they want to recapture that. They buy a dream."

For Al Wyville, a Philadelphia engineer, the trip was exactly "a dream come true." Drying himself off from a sunset swim, he said: "I used to watch these boats go up and down this river and think I would never be able to afford to go on one. I don't think there will ever be an empty berth on this ship."

Burn Scars. Other passengers, veterans of the *Delta Queen*, revel in the luxury. Said Marcela Perunko, a Hazelcrest, Ill., nurse: "It's relaxing. You get nowhere slow. The people are sociable and friendly, and I like seeing the river towns." Most passengers seemed happy to sit out the voyage playing bridge or dominoes, following the boat's log.

Riverboating does seem to get into the blood. Witness Captain Wagner: he started out in 1927 on the old *Island Queen*, a steamboat that carried tourists from Cincinnati to Coney Island. Wagner worked as a deck hand, eventually became first mate. He still bears burn scars on his hands, arms and back from a fire in 1947 that swept the boat and killed 19 crew members. Undeterred, Wagner earned his master's papers and went back to the river.

The *Mississippi* is still neighborly—crowds gather on the bluffs, as in bygone days, to watch the steamboat pass—and so is the 130-member riverboat staff. But there are still a few shakedown kinks. Boiler trouble caused a seven-hour delay getting into Louisville. The sauna was closed, and elevators didn't always work. At the premiere playing of the steam calliope, a three-foot column of hot vapor shot from a nearby sink. Owners notwithstanding, the Coke machines were not working.

"A ship is like a woman," said a marine consultant on board to check out problems. "The more you get to know her, the more trouble she is." In spite of that, after only a few days out on the river, most of those aboard the newest *Queen* felt she was well worth knowing.

PADDLE-WHEELER MISSISSIPPI QUEEN IS COMMISSIONED AT OHIO RIVER CEREMONY





AMID CLOUDS OF TEAR GAS & THE SMOKE OF A BLAZING TRUCK, ANGRY SOUTH AFRICAN YOUTHS CLENCH THEIR FISTS IN A BLACK POWER SALUTE

THE WORLD

SOUTH AFRICA

The Violent Aftershock at Soweto

For a few desperate hours last week, it looked like a reprise of the bloody rioting in Soweto township, during which 176 people were killed and 1,139 injured in the worst racial violence in South Africa's history (TIME June 28). On Wednesday, a crowd of 20,000 angry blacks, most of them students, gathered at dawn outside Soweto's Orlando Stadium, determined to march ten miles to police headquarters in downtown Johannesburg. Their goal: to demand the release of four student leaders arrested since the June violence.

Police had declared they were "ready for anything" and would stop the procession. But the crowd broke through a police line and surged forward, waving placards and singing freedom songs. "We are marching, not fighting," some shouted, making peace signs; others raised clenched fists.

The police might better have allowed a delegation of students to make the march to Johannesburg to deliver their protest, but the tradition of *krugadigheid* (iron-fistedness) in dealing with blacks dies slowly at New Canada Railway Station, hard by the giant yellow waste heaps of the gold mines, the crowd ran up against another roadblock, this one heavily manned and guarded by anti-riot squads reinforced with a fleet of "Hippo" armored personnel carriers. The police responded by hurling tear-gas canisters, then opened fire on the moving crowd, and the marchers panicked. This time, as it turned out, the police were evidently trying to avoid heavy casualties, because only two people were

killed in the outburst. The march was effectively halted.

Soon, however, violence broke out elsewhere. Black youths pelted passing trains with stones. Some tried to prevent the 230,000 blacks from Soweto who work in Johannesburg from going to their jobs. A key railroad switching station was sabotaged to prevent the approximately 100 daily commuter trains from leaving Soweto for the city. As a result, tens of thousands of blacks failed to show up at their jobs in Johannesburg. By week's end only a handful of people had been killed in the new disturbances, but mobs of adults as well as youths were still roaming through the streets of Soweto, and squads of heavily armed anti-riot police were maintaining a careful watch.

Soul-Searching. In a sense, Soweto has been smoldering ever since June. The government had quickly dropped its insistence that the Afrikaans language be used as the primary teaching medium in black schools—a rule that had been the catalyst for the earlier rioting. But the policy change, along with other government promises to improve living conditions in Soweto, had merely served to stimulate black demands for more important political concessions, especially among the frustrated young.

The continuing violence in the black townships has shocked every segment of South African society, raising the question of what the Nationalist government of Prime Minister John Vorster is going to do about the angry mood of the nation's urban blacks. Under the

government's cherished *apartheid* program, blacks will become "citizens" of the nine autonomous homelands, or "Bantustans," now being established within South Africa. But such a system, even if it should prove acceptable to tribesmen who live in the homelands, would do little for the millions of blacks who live and work in the cities of "white" South Africa.

The national soul-searching about the meaning of the Soweto riots extends to the very heart of Afrikanerdom. Professor Dreyer Kruger of Rhodes University, for instance, recently predicted the doom of *apartheid* because of the growing hatred of the Afrikaner by his black countrymen. Leading Afrikaans newspapers have sharply criticized the government for failing to respond to legitimate black demands for more civil rights. Last week Dr. Wimpie de Klerk, editor of *Die Transvaler*, the Afrikaners' most powerful editorial voice, called for public debate over the question of representation for urban blacks and predicted "relaxation in racial policies over a broad spectrum."

So far, there are no signs that Vorster is prepared to make any such concessions. In any case, the reforms may come too late to head off black unrest. Following last week's troubles in Soweto, Black Psychologist Nimrod Mkele, 56, warned: "The black youth of today are unlike our generation. They want it all now—right now. Unless Mr. Vorster shows that he is prepared to talk to us, to give us hope and a stake in the country, violence will erupt again."



SHAH OF IRAN & KISSINGER CONFERRING AT NOW SHAHR ON THE CASPIAN SEA

DIPLOMACY

Henry's Last Hurrah?

Henry Kissinger planned his latest global foray with the care of a man who might not soon be making another. He had already decided that unless a crisis should intervene (over SALT or southern Africa, for instance), he would not be traveling outside the U.S. again until after the November elections. Thus for the eight-day trip he began last week, the Secretary was obliged to pick places to which he could safely go—not for reasons of security but of domestic politics. That ruled out China, the Soviet Union or the Middle East, where Kissinger's presence might inadvertently have an adverse effect on President Ford's cliff-hanging struggle for the Republican nomination. So, however reluctantly, the Secretary picked an itinerary where the sailing should have been smooth: Britain, Iran, Afghanistan, Pakistan, France and The Netherlands.

Nonetheless, Kissinger found himself embroiled in controversy on the eve of his departure. The main problem was Iran, where the Secretary was to spend two full days talking with the Shah and co-chairing a meeting of the Joint U.S.-Iranian Commission, which oversees bilateral trade and economic matters. Two

days before Kissinger left Washington, the Senate Foreign Relations Subcommittee on Foreign Assistance released a study asserting that U.S. arms sales to Iran were "out of control." The report charged that the Nixon Administration, during Kissinger's days as the President's National Security Adviser, had entered into a secret commitment to sell Iran "virtually any conventional weapons it wanted." As a result, concluded the subcommittee, "the U.S. cannot abandon, substantially diminish or even redirect its arms programs without precipitating a major crisis in U.S.-Iranian relations." Indeed, said the subcommittee, there were so many Americans—24,000 at last count—in Iran as a result of these sales that in a crisis, they could virtually be held hostage by the Iranian government.

The Administration's position on the heavy commitment to Iran, based on the 1969 Nixon Doctrine recommending that regional leaders assume greater responsibility for security in their areas, is that it suits U.S. interests to have a strong Iran capable of defend-

"Iran is the U.S.'s No. 1 arms customer, with \$10.4 billion in purchases during 1972-75. Runners-up: Israel (\$5.5 billion during the same period) and Saudi Arabia (\$3.1 billion). Another Middle Eastern purchaser is Jordan, which for a while this year was considering buying an air-defense system from the Soviet Union. Instead, King Hussein decided to purchase an American Hawk anti-aircraft missile system. The deal was reportedly put together after Iran joined Saudi Arabia in offering to help Jordan raise part of the \$550 million required."

U.S. INSTRUCTOR TEACHING IRANIAN PILOT (LEFT); COBRA HELICOPTERS IN ISFAHAN (BELOW)

THE WORLD

ing itself. "Being surrounded by Iraq, Afghanistan, India and the Soviet Union is no minor defense problem," argues one high U.S. official. "Selling Iranians arms so they can defend themselves is better than having to do it for them." As for the subcommittee's charge that American employees could be held "hostage" by Tehran, the Shah last week declared that in the event of war, the Americans "will not be forced to render any services to Iran."

The same night that the subcommittee report was released, Kissinger—despite his efforts to stay out of the domestic political limelight—made an unexpected gaffe. After addressing a National Urban League convention in Boston, he was asked by a member of the audience why there were not more black ambassadors and why black envoys were customarily sent to African nations. The Secretary was obviously unprepared for the question. "Look, when we hire an ambassador," he replied, "we don't stop to ask whether he is black or white." He added that personnel "must meet all the qualifications." Though his answer was reasonable enough, Kissinger had not realized that "qualifications" is a word blacks often take as a smokescreen for discrimination. The audience broke into boos and catcalls.

In fact, as Democratic Senator Hubert Humphrey pointed out, Kissinger has "got more blacks in the State Department than we [Democrats] had"—13% of the Department's employees today, vs. 11% in November 1969. Privately, the Secretary knew he had mishandled the question. Just before taking off from Andrews Air Force Base en route to his first stop in London, Kissinger pointedly shook hands and chatted with a group of black youths from a nearby day-camp program while the television cameras rolled.

Another embarrassment for Kissinger was reports later in the week that the Soviet Union had violated the spirit of the new treaty on underground nuclear tests by detonating two devices last month that may have exceeded the 150-kiloton limit to which Moscow and Washington had agreed. The treaty had been initiated but not yet ratified by the U.S. Senate at the time of the Soviet tests. The White House, well aware that reports of Soviet "cheating" could prove damaging to President Ford in his campaign against Challenger Ronald Rea-



"Pollution" is a dirty word. So is "unemployment."

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But expansion of this magnitude takes vast sums of money. And over the past inflation-recession years, we just haven't been able to generate enough money to do that job.

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considerable amount of scarce energy and natural resources. And, in many cases, it will merely transfer pollution problems to the power companies or chemical manufacturers.

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We are faced as a nation with troublesome alternatives. Do we continue our headlong rush to implement some of the air and water clean-up standards that have yet to be proved necessary—or even sound—or shall we give equal consideration to jobs, our energy requirements, capital needs, and other demands for social priorities?

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Bethlehem



SHOULD A CAR WITH A REPUTATION FOR BEING SO SAFE GO SO FAST?

Over the years, Volvo has become the very symbol of the safe, sane automobile, designed for people with a rational view of life.

But anyone who slides behind the wheel of a 1976 Volvo 240 may discover it's something more.

As *Road Test* magazine has put it: "This is one fun car to drive."

This year, Volvo has introduced a new fuel-injected, overhead cam 4-cylinder engine. It has extremely fast pickup in the 20-55 m.p.h. range where most serious driving is done.

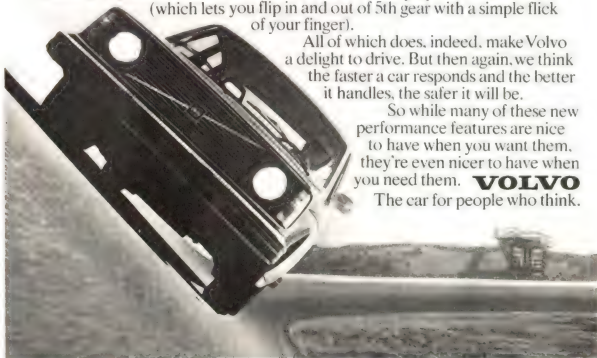
In a comparison of passing times, a Volvo 242 with a 4-cylinder engine was faster than a Mercedes 280 with a six.

Volvo also gives you rack and pinion steering to help you take life's curves. And a spring-strut front suspension designed to keep the car steady and level even if you take them fast. You get 4-wheel power disc brakes. And you can order a 4-speed manual transmission with electrically-operated overdrive (which lets you flip in and out of 5th gear with a simple flick of your finger).

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gan, launched an investigation to determine the size of the Soviet devices.

Meanwhile, Kissinger had arrived in London with his wife Nancy and son David, spent the night at Claridge's, then breakfasted for 2½ hours with British Prime Minister James Callaghan at 10 Downing Street. Main topic: southern Africa. Soon he was in the air again dressed in black and white striped shirt, pink pants, Sukka socks and no shoes, bound for Tehran.

Next day at the Shah's summer palace at Now Shahr on the Caspian Sea, the Iranian leader and the Secretary met for 5½ hours. They discussed Middle East strategy and African policy, particularly as it relates to the Indian Ocean and Iranian security. They also concentrated on Iran's efforts—precipitated by a \$3 billion cash shortage—to barter its crude oil for Western weapons. The Iranians are apparently interested in acquiring up to 300 General Dynamics F-16 fighter planes and 200 land-based versions of the Northrop F-18 fighter, plus several airborne-warning-and-control aircraft built by Boeing. Washington is generally favorable to the deal, but the actual agreement would be between Iran and the various U.S. companies.

Nuclear Power. Back in Tehran at week's end, Kissinger served as co-chairman of the Joint Commission. The main topic of this meeting was the efforts being made to conclude a U.S.-Iranian nuclear power plant agreement. The project would run for more than 20 years and would involve the sale of eight to ten nuclear power plants (valued at about \$2 billion apiece). An American draft agreement was submitted to the Iranian atomic energy organization in June, but a few details remain to be worked out.

To round out the tour, Kissinger planned brief stopovers in Afghanistan, Pakistan, France and The Netherlands. He had wanted to go to Australia but had to cancel out when Prime Minister Malcolm Fraser asked to make a Bicentennial visit to the U.S. He had also hoped to stop in Manila to sign a new base agreement with the Philippines, but the talks bogged down, so that was out. In fact, he even had to do a little arm twisting to get himself invited to The Netherlands. Even though Kissinger had never paid the country a visit, the Dutch tried diplomatically to decline the honor this time, pointing out that several top officials were away on August vacations. But the Secretary replied gently that it was now or never, so the Dutch quickly agreed to serve as hosts for a six-hour call.

What appears to pain Kissinger most of all is that so many observers regard his current junket as a farewell tour. Is the Secretary still hoping that Jerry Ford can pull off the election and keep him on? "Why do you want eight more years?" a friend asked recently. "Only four, only four," replied Kissinger, not altogether in jest.

ISRAEL

The Good Fence Policy

Since the civil war began in Lebanon 15 months ago, Israel's northern border has been quiet—and Jerusalem intends to keep it that way. The Palestinian guerrillas who once launched sporadic terrorist attacks on Israel border settlements have left "Fatahland" to fight against Christians and Syrians in the north. In effect, the southern half of Lebanon has been left without any government, and its 360,000 Moslem, Christian and Druze inhabitants—mostly poor and scrambling farmers—have been abandoned to fend for themselves. Israel is moving determinedly into the vacuum. TIMI Jerusalem Bureau Chief Donald Neff last week toured the mountainous 80-mile Israeli-Lebanese border and sent this report:

By word and deed, Israel is doing all it can—short of full-scale invasion—to neutralize its Lebanese border. To that end, it has established links with rebel Lebanese army units, the only quasi-government force left in the region, and is seeking the good will, if not the hearts and minds, of border villagers. Israel's policy is paying off—so far. The area is peaceful.

Three meetings have taken place between Israeli officers and representatives of Ahmed Khatib, leader of break-away Moslem units of the Lebanese army that are generally friendly to the Palestine Liberation Organization. The meetings—the most recent was two weeks ago—are low key and mainly concerned with such mundane problems as what to do about stray flocks of sheep. But Israel's underlying message is clear. As long as Khatib's men do not help P.L.O. terrorists return to the border, the Lebanese troops will be safe from Israeli attack. With Khatib's tacit permission, Israeli combat teams now patrol as deeply as three miles inside Lebanon, searching both for Syrian units and terrorists. They are also there to prevent fedayeen retaliation against border villagers who in recent months have turned more and more to Israel for assistance.

Access to Israel. Scores of villagers show up daily at the electronically wired fence that was originally constructed along the border by Israel to keep out guerrillas. Very few miles along the fence there are gates, originally built to allow access for Israeli soldiers raiding P.L.O. bases in Fatahland. Now the gates are open to Lebanese seeking food, work and medical care in Israel. Israeli Defense Minister Shimon Peres calls it the "good fence policy."

At Dovev, midway along the border, men and women, children and old people, sick and hale, last week trooped to the Israeli gate across a tobacco field green with flowering plants. A clinic had been set up there seeking medical care

were given numbers by armed Israeli soldiers and shown a place to wait. An outhouse and a pipe for drinking water had also been put up near by. "In *sha allah*, let it be like this for the rest of our lives," said a young Maronite farmer at the fence last week.

One villager drove his car along a dirt track to the fence. There his Lebanese license plates were temporarily replaced with Israeli tags; he was then allowed to drive away on a shopping trip and visit relatives hospitalized in Israel. Some villagers meanwhile sought work, which the Israelis have promised to Lebanese who cross the border. At Dovev last week, 15 men and women were finally selected for jobs in a tobacco processing shop at Safad a few miles away.

DAVID ROBINSON



ISRAELI OFFICER & LEBANESE AT BORDER FENCE
"Let it be like this in our lifetime."

Two young men were rejected, however, after an Israeli officer spotted their names on a list of "undesirables." Near the gate, farmers stacked bales of tobacco. An Israeli buyer went through the bales, grading them under the watchful eyes of their Arab growers. This year Israel expects to purchase \$1.2 million worth of Lebanese tobacco for resale to Greece.

Jerusalem has announced that it will not tolerate a return to the grim old days of border terrorism. If the good fence policy does not keep terrorists from the area, Israel may well launch heavy retaliatory raids of its own across the border. It seems clear that the Israelis are determined to hang on to their one tangible gain so far from the Lebanese civil war—a peaceful northern border.

SPAIN

Dismantling the Dictatorship

Even Communist Party Secretary-General Santiago Carrillo called it "a step toward national reconciliation." Social Democratic Leader Antonio García López went further. He described it as "the first dramatic step toward dismantling the dictatorship." Both men were referring to King Juan Carlos' decree granting amnesty to political prisoners in Spain, which was formally promulgated in Madrid last week. Although less sweeping than leftists and moderates had hoped, the decree could affect more than half of the 1,600 Spaniards who have been imprisoned for political crimes or have otherwise been penalized for illegal, quasi-political acts.

Among the beneficiaries:

- Prisoners guilty of "all crimes or failings of political intention or of opinion." Chief among these are scores of imprisoned Spanish Communists, whose party is still illegal despite a recent thaw in relations between the government and the democratic opposition. Among the first to be released were Simón Sánchez Montero and Santiago Álvarez, two leading officials in the party hierarchy who were jailed earlier this year.

- Persons convicted of "crimes of rebellion or sedition" under Spain's rigid military code. This clause will free,

among others, nine officers convicted in March of membership in the illegal Military Democratic Union, a moderate group dedicated to democracy and the reform of the military establishment.

- Military deserters and conscientious objectors.

- Civil servants and other workers who lost jobs or were imprisoned or charged under the late dictator Francisco Franco for trade union activities. In all, some 1,000 people may be reinstated or released.

Military and civilian courts immediately began applying the amnesty, and by week's end some 100 prisoners had been freed. How many more will win release depends on how individual judges interpret the decree's terms. The amnesty is considerably broader than a limited pardon granted by Juan Carlos last December, when more than 600 political prisoners and thousands of common criminals were set free (although their convictions remain on the record). By specifically excluding people convicted of violent crimes, the amnesty fails to benefit some 200 prisoners, most of them Basques, who were jailed under last year's decree law against terrorism, which led to the execution of five left-wing guerrillas in September. Nonetheless, most opposition leaders chose to emphasize the amnesty's positive aspects. As one Socialist leader put it, "This moment offers great hope. It would be a tragedy to waste it."

Even as terms of the long-awaited amnesty were being thrashed out by government ministers, negotiations between the regime and Spain's political opposition were off to a positive start. New Premier Adolfo Suárez González has so far met with leaders of virtually all Socialist, Christian Democratic and Social Democratic groups, and there have apparently even been indirect gov-

ernment contacts with the Communists. These exploratory talks are intended to pave the way for government and opposition agreement on a number of pressing national problems. Among them: 1) legalization of the Communist Party, which has an estimated 50,000 members, 2) the nature and content of a national referendum this fall on the shape of Spanish democracy, and 3) impending constitutional reforms that will pave the way for national elections to be held before next June.

Unfortunately, Suárez seems to have considerably less freedom of movement than his conservative predecessor, Carlos Arias Navarro. As one highly placed official put it, "The government is young, and the older generation does not trust it." Last month, for example, the Suárez government's liberal public statements caused a swing to the right in the Cortes (parliament) and led to a close vote on reforming the penal code to legalize political parties. The lack of maneuvering room could well prevent the government from making sufficient concessions to opposition groups—and thus scuttle chances for full participation in whatever regime emerges from the transition period. As a result, Spain seems to be approaching a critical juncture at which either a new democratic order will replace the post-Franco state or Spain will lurch backward, at least temporarily, into the past.

Potent Weapon. Left-wing parties and clandestine labor unions have a potent double-barreled weapon at their disposal: Spain's most serious economic crisis in more than a decade. After years of uninterrupted boom, inflation is running at more than 25% and unemployment is nearly 7%. The government faces a round of year-end salary negotiations in key industries. The groups promise to use their clout to press for full union freedom and full participation in the political process. Says Economist Ramón Tamames: "The economic problem cannot be solved until the political problem is solved."

Meanwhile, political momentum is picking up. The second wave of bombings in two weeks swept through Spain after the amnesty was announced. In yet another reaction to the amnesty, Communist Leader Carrillo, 61, who has lived in exile in Paris for 40 years, applied for a passport to return home.* Carrillo reportedly made his request to the Spanish ambassador in France—the first time he has spoken to a Spanish envoy since the Civil War. As his party's leader, Carrillo is theoretically subject to immediate arrest in Spain, and his request for a passport was obviously a test of the spirit of the amnesty. At a meeting in Rome, the Spanish Communist Party went even further and announced that it will begin organizing publicly throughout Spain very soon.

*Another likely applicant Communist Dolores Iburrut, 81, the legendary "La Pasionaria" of Civil War fame, who is in exile in Moscow.

KING JUAN CARLOS OF SPAIN



DEMONSTRATORS CELEBRATE AMNESTY ON RELEASE OF COMMUNISTS SÁNCHEZ & ÁLVAREZ



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Contest Rules

1. The contest is for amateur photographers only. Anyone is eligible except employees of Saturday Review and members of their families.
2. Pictures, which convey a feeling of travel, must have been taken after September 10, 1975, in a locale visited on a vacation or business trip away from home.
3. Black-and-white photographs
 - a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8 x 10 unmounted.
 - b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.
 - c. Developing and printing must be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No giftwork or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.
 - d. No negatives should be submitted.
 - e. No black-and-white prints will be returned.

4. Color photographs

- a. Color pictures may be submitted as either transparencies OR prints. Do not submit a transparency and print of the same picture.
 - b. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard only.
 - c. Color prints must be no larger than 8 x 10 unmounted.
 - d. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.
 - e. Transparencies and color prints will be returned only, if accompanied by return postage—a minimum of 50 cents in stamps or coins. Do not send self-addressed envelopes.
5. Saturday Review reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted whether winners or not. While every effort will be made to ensure safe return of entries, for your own protection, please do not send us entries which have not been duplicated. Saturday Review assumes no obligation for return or loss of any photographs.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than 10 entries (black-and-white and/or color) to Saturday Review's Travel Photography Contest. All entries must be postmarked no later than September 10, 1976, to be eligible for judging. **IMPORTANT: NO MORE THAN TWO PICTURES MAY BE SUBMITTED BY ANY ONE ENTRANT.**
7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality, originality in choice and treatment of subject, and the sense of travel they reflect. The decision of the judges will be final.
8. Before receiving a prize, the entrant must sign a statement that he is not, and has never been, a professional photographer, that the picture or any closely similar picture of the same subject as his is any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine, and has not been and will not be offered for publication anywhere prior to November 13, 1976. Saturday Review retains first publication rights, winning pictures and the right to use them for promotional purposes.

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Try it on the rocks.

HUMAN RIGHTS

Torture As Policy: The Network of Evil

No one shall be subjected to torture or to cruel, inhuman or degrading treatment or punishment.

—The Universal Declaration of Human Rights

Virtually every nation on earth subscribes to that straightforward principle. Yet like most other U.N. pledges, the clause is widely and brutally ignored. It is one of the grim truths of the second half of the 20th century that rarely before in history has torture been in such widespread use. Amnesty International, the widely respected human rights organization headquartered in London, estimates that in the last decade torture has been officially practiced in 60 countries; last year alone there were more than 40 violating states. From Chile, Brazil, Argentina, Uruguay and Paraguay to Guinea, Uganda, Spain, Iran and the Soviet Union, torture has become a common instrument of state policy practiced against almost anyone ruling cliques see as a threat to their power. Torture, says Marc Schreiber, director of the U.N.'s Commission on Human Rights, "is a phenomenon of our times."

Throughout much of the world, army barracks, police stations, offices and special wards in hospitals have been turned into interrogation centers, whose express purpose is inflicting hideous and often unbearable pain. There is a new subculture of terror with its own language and rituals (see box). There is also a new technology, involving sophisticated devices that can destroy a prisoner's will in a matter of hours, but leave no visible signs or marks of brutality.

Overwhelming Evidence. Governments that routinely use torture as an instrument of state policy generally deny that such practices exist. At the same time, the difficulty of making unhindered investigations of conditions in closed societies and police states virtually guarantees that many abuses remain uncovered. Torture, moreover, is a most murky area, rife with exaggerated claims, politically motivated propaganda and just plain misinformation. Nonetheless, independent human rights organizations, reporters and others have managed through interviews and on-the-scene investigations to compile a credible and apparently accurate record of torture in many parts of the world



VICTIM SUFFERING THE "PLANTON"

In some places the evidence of torture is overwhelming and irrefutable. The brutality of General Augusto Pinochet Ugarte's regime in Chile, for example, has become something of an embarrassment to the Ford Administration. Last May, Treasury Secretary William Simon helped secure the release of at least 49 political prisoners. Shortly afterward, at the June meeting of the Organization of American States in Santiago, Secretary of State Henry Kissinger made his strongest statement yet on human rights. "A government that tramples on the rights of its citizens denies the purpose of its existence," Kissinger announced, adding: "There are several states where fundamental standards of human behavior are not observed."

Carrying Kissinger's sentiments further than he wanted them to go, Congress passed an amendment to the 1976 foreign military aid and arms sales bill that would have required reports on human rights conditions in countries re-

ceiving U.S. aid. President Ford vetoed the entire bill, but the rider's sponsor, Democratic Representative Donald Fraser of Minnesota, says the measure will come up before the White House again early next year.

Next to murder, torture is the most egregious violation of personal rights one human being can inflict on another. Sadly, the practice is almost as old as history. During the Middle Ages, suspected heretics were racked, scourged and burned by representatives of the Inquisition in order to make them recant, while in this century Hitler's concentration camps and Stalin's Gulag Archipelago institutionalized torture and brutality on a scale hitherto unknown. The 1948 United Nations' Declaration of Human Rights condemning torture was one notable reaction of the world community to the excesses of the Third Reich. But torture did not stop. The French used it systematically during the eight-year Algerian War. The British relied on torture to gain information about I.R.A. terrorists in Northern Ireland, while the Saigon regime brutally mistreated suspect Communists throughout most of the Viet Nam War.

Worst Fears. Of the dozens of nations accused of practicing torture today, it is difficult to single out the worst violators. The examples most frequently cited by experts are Chile and Iran.

In the three years since the overthrow of the Marxist Allende government, according to respected church sources, an estimated 1,000 Chileans have been tortured to death by the ruthlessly efficient secret police, the DINA. In one wave of arrests 18 months ago 2,000 people were brought in; 370 have never been seen again. These gruesome statistics confirm the worst fears of many Chileans, that certain suspects are marked first to be tortured—generally for information about their political associations—and then executed.

The torture takes place in clandestine and ever changing places of imprisonment, one center is the Villa Grimaldi in Santiago, a former discotheque. Many suspects who live through their tortures are simply transferred to a detention camp, like Tres Alamos in Santiago. According to one report by reliable groups within the country, there

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were 85 female prisoners at Tres Alamos as of May 72 of them insisted that they had been tortured. The most common methods: beating, rape (sometimes by trained dogs), electric shock and burnings with lighted cigarettes.

The DINA is fairly ecumenical in finding victims: former parliamentarians and army officers have been tortured, as well as suspect leftist terrorists. Recounts Carlos Pérez Tobar, once a lieutenant in the Chilean army arrested by the junta after he tried to resign his commission: "I was tortured with electric shock; forced to live in underground

RIGHT, TORTURE ON THE "HORSEMAN"
BELOW, PRESSURE ON THE ABDOMEN



dungeons so small that in one I could only stand up and in the other only lie down. I was beaten incessantly, dragged before a mock firing squad, and regularly told that my wife and child and relatives were suffering the same fate."

As for Iran, since a coup restored Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi to his throne in 1953, says the Geneva-based International Commission of Jurists, human rights violations, including torture, "are alleged to have taken place on an unprecedented scale." Estimates of the number of political prisoners range from 25,000 to 100,000; it is widely believed most of them have been tortured by the SAVAK, secret police, which French lawyer Jean Michel Braunschweig, who in-

vestigated conditions in Iran last January, claims has 20,000 members and a network of some 180,000 paid informers. The country's repertoire of tortures includes not only electric shock and beatings, but also the insertion of bottles in the rectum, hanging weights from testicles, rape, and such apparatus as a helmet that, worn over the head of the victim, magnifies his own screams.

Some Methods. Last week TIME Correspondent Christopher Ogden, in Iran with Secretary Kissinger, took up the torture allegations with the Shah. "We don't need to torture people any more," the Shah replied. "We use the same methods some of the very highly developed nations of the world are [using], psychological methods. We put them [prisoners] in front of confessions; when faced with a confession of their comrades, they tell us everything obviously." The Shah also rejected claims about the number of political prisoners in the country, saying that it was closer to 3,400 or 3,500. "But these are not political prisoners," he added. "These are Marxists, either terrorists, killers, or just people who have no allegiance to this country."

In fact, however, one group that SAVAK seems to have concentrated its attention on consists of writers, artists and intellectuals. Among those arrested and tortured in the past two or three years: Vida Hadjebi Tabrizi, a distinguished woman sociologist; Gholamhossein Sa'edi, a renowned Iranian playwright, and Writer Fereydoon Tonokaboni.

Perhaps the most terrifying feature of torture in Chile and Iran is its institutionalization, the fact that it has be-

Macabre World of Words and Ritual

*Azudi is just like
Genghis Khan when he walks
he walks on a pile of fresh corpses*

*the Khan did not clean his teeth either
the Khan also belched the Khan
did not take off his boots either Azudi
has shattered the mouths of twenty poets today**

In these savage lines Iranian Poet-Critic Reza Baraheni describes one of the men who tortured him in Iran's notorious Committee Prison, where Baraheni was held without charge for 102 days in 1973. Baraheni, who now lives in exile in New York City, recognized in torturers like Azudi the "typical thick-necked Iranian *jahel* [ignoramus], fat and tall and dirty and, at the same time, shrewd, irrevocable, irresistibly virile and strong." Azudi insisted that prisoners address him with the honorific title "doctor," as do equally brutal thugs who run torture centers in Brazil and did so formerly in Greece. The title, apparently, confers on the torturer a kind of legitimacy vis-à-vis his victim.

The interrogator's need to be respected by his victims is one notable feature of a vague, inchoate subculture that exists in every country where torture is an established practice. This shadowy netherworld is marked most obviously by a

mocking language of euphemisms and code words. Some former prisoners report, for example, that at the notorious São Paulo torture center of the Brazilian political police, a torture session has been called a "spiritual seance," as if it involved a cleansing of impurities. Victims in Chile say that DINA interrogators refer to Santiago's infamous Villa Grimaldi as the *Pulcino de la Risa*—the Palace of Laughter. In Iran, *Ough-e Tamshiyat*, or "the room in which you make people walk," is a name for the blood-stained chamber where prisoners are forced to walk after torture to help their blood circulate.

Torturers generally refer to themselves by nicknames, in part because they do not want their victims to know their real identities. Often the nicknames derive from a physical feature, such as "the Tall One," or "the Mustachioed One." In South America, such aliases as El Aleman (the German), Cara de Culebra (Snake Face) and El Carnicero (the Butcher) are common. One particularly brutal torturer at Chile's Tejas Verdes camp near San Antonio used to tell prisoners his name was *Pata en la Raja*, meaning Kick in the Ass.

The torturer's lexicon also includes mordant, mocking names for their techniques and instruments. The Wet Submarine, for example, means near-suffocation of a prisoner by immersing him in water, or, frequently, urine; the Dry Submarine is the same thing, except that a plastic bag is tied over the victim's head to deprive him of oxygen. In the Grill, the victim is stretched out face up on a metal frame while a "massage" of shocks is delivered to various parts of the body. A Brazilian invention called the Parrot's Perch is used in

*From *God's Shadow: Prison Poems*. © 1976 by Indiana University Press, reprinted by permission of the publisher.

come the almost private domain of huge, semiautonomous police agencies. Once embroiled in the torture monolith, the individual has no appeal, no recourse to the kind of legal authority provided by functioning courts. But whether to an equal or lesser degree, torture is very much a part of life in many other countries as well. Some recent instances:

► In Paraguay, the dictatorial regime of Alfredo Stroessner this year reportedly launched a new wave of political arrests involving several hundred people; it is the third such wave since late 1974. Witnesses to conditions in Paraguay's primitive jails claim that detainees are regularly tortured. One recent victim was internationally known Anthropologist Miguel Chase Sardi, who was released in June after seven months in prison. Chase Sardi says he was drugged, beaten and dipped upside down in water to the point where his hearing may have been permanently damaged. Other methods of torture include electric shock, the extraction of fingernails and forcing a prisoner to drink water until he faints.

► In Uruguay, once the democratic Switzerland of South America, it is estimated that an astonishing one out of every 50 citizens has been either interrogated, detained or jailed since 1972. "Half the prisoners have been tortured," says former Senator Wilson Ferreira Aldunate, "by which is meant they have been submitted to electric shock or submerged in water until they passed out." Another common method is the "planton," whereby a prisoner is forced to stand for hours or even days with his weighted arms out-

stretched and feet spread far apart.

► In India, claims of torture used against political prisoners have steadily increased since Prime Minister Indira Gandhi declared a state of emergency 13 months ago. The New York-based International League for Human Rights charged last June that Indian jailers have been guilty of "torture, brutality, starvation and other mistreatment of prisoners." Common methods: beatings with steel rods and rifle butts, electric shock and burning with candles.

► In the Philippines, President Ferdinand Marcos has declared that "no one but no one has been tortured." An investigation by the Association of Ma-



ABOVE: THE HELMET THAT MAGNIFIES SCREAMS; LEFT: THE "DRY SUBMARINE"



jor Religious Superiors, representing the leaders of the country's Roman Catholic orders, charged that prisoners in a police and army network of detention centers and "safe houses" have been tortured by beatings, electric shock and other methods. In an unreleased report that was presented to the Philippine government for comment last fall, Amnesty International charges that torture is used in the Philippines "freely and with extreme cruelty, often over long periods."

► In Spain, the torture of political suspects, especially Basque separatists,

many countries; it consists of a horizontal stick from which the prisoner is hung by the knees, with hands and ankles tied together. Another common technique, called the Telephone, consists of delivering sharp blows to both ears simultaneously, which often causes excruciatingly painful rupture of the ear drums. In the Hook, the victim is hoisted off the ground by his hands, which are tied behind his back in such a way that the stretching of the nerves often causes paralysis of the arms. Says one Uruguayan torture victim: "People on the Hook cannot take a deep breath or hardly any breath. They just moan; it's a dreadful, almost inhuman noise."

The torture subculture has its own rules and rituals, which sometimes parody the daily routine of infinitely less brutal professions. "It was just sort of a job to them," says former Methodist Missionary Fred Morris, who was tortured for 17 days in Recife, Brazil, in 1974. "These people had 9-to-5 jobs, except that their business was to torture for a living." There are often specific times of the night or day when victims are picked up by their torturer-interrogators. The prisoner is usually hooded or blindfolded. Sessions often begin quietly: physical torture starts only after the interrogator has built himself up to a feigned or genuine anger, which Andrew Blane of Amnesty International calls "an emotional state of furious self-righteousness." Some Chilean prisoners have reported torturers calling a prisoner to an interrogation session with the phrase "It's time to go to work." In Iran, where, as in many other countries, women are routinely raped during torture sessions, Reza Baraheni once watched a 13-year-old female prisoner calmly introduce her interrogator to her visiting family as "my rapist."

The prevalence of rape (of both men and women) as a torture technique indicates that the ranks of torturers contain many sexual psychotics as well as sadists. At the same time, some victims testify that their torturers were visibly strained by the routine and took pills to soothe their nerves; Fred Morris says that one of his torturers, a certain Major Maia, used to explain that he was a fellow Christian who went to Mass every day on his way to work.

Why do people willingly torture their fellow human beings? Oxford University Clinical Lecturer in Psychiatry Anthony Storr argues that often the torturer is motivated not by malice or by sadism but by an overpowering will to obey. "Torturers," says Storr, "are hierarchical people in that they accept and seek authority structures. They are people who obey orders without question." Whether leftist or rightist, many torturers link a fervent patriotism with a fanatical self-righteousness. Their victims often describe these torturers as intelligent but unbalanced, full of moral certitude but viciously vindictive toward people who hold beliefs contrary to their own.

Sadly enough, there seems to be no shortage of torturers; dictatorial regimes always manage to find enough people who—convinced of the righteousness of their cause—will maim or murder under orders from an absolute authority. The torture subculture provides these people with a kind of identity. It is also a dramatic and telling proof of what Historian and Social Critic Hannah Arendt called "the banality of evil." The most inhumane cruelty of man to man can become routine if it is surrounded and buffered by an apparatus of normality.

THE WORLD

apparently continues despite King Juan Carlos' seemingly genuine wish to liberalize political life. This is in part because the notorious Guardia Civil, the most feared of Spain's law-enforcement agencies, is virtually a law unto itself in the four Basque provinces. One common torture method used by the Guardia is *bastinado*, the continual flogging of the soles of the feet with a rubber truncheon.

Unfortunately, the list of countries continues to stretch across the globe. There have been several well-documented cases of torture and even death during interrogation in South Korea. According to Amnesty International, there have been numerous charges of brutal, disfiguring tortures in Iraq, especially in Baghdad's Kasr-al-Nihaya Prison. In many black African countries, few torture victims survive to tell their stories. In such one-man dictatorships as Francisco Macias Nguema's Equatorial Guinea, Idi Amin's Uganda, Jean Bedel Bokassa's Central African Republic and Ahmed Sekou Touré's Republic of Guinea, unimaginably cruel, capricious and unpredictable tortures are everyday occurrences. In tiny Equatorial Guinea, which has suffered a reign of terror since gaining independence eight years ago, political prisoners have had their eyes gouged out by torturers of the notorious Macias Youth. Other prisoners have been forced to stand for days in a pit, up to their necks in mud and water.

Intimidating Aim. In Guinea, a common torture is confinement in a cell too small to allow a prisoner either to stand up or lie down. "The cell they put me in was about 4 ft. by 2 ft.," testifies Soumah Abou, 46, one of Sekou Touré's victims who now lives in France. "It had a tin roof and a metal door. There was no window, only some ventilation holes. There was no light, no bed, no place to go to the bathroom. For eight days I had no food or water."

The aim of torture is virtually the same everywhere: to gain information about subversives, terrorists, opposition groups, and to intimidate would-be dissidents. A show of brutality can be a devastatingly effective way of keeping people in line. Yet in many Communist nations this is simply not necessary: the torture chamber, anti-Communists argue, is countrywide. All-powerful, ever vigilant party apparatus, supported by huge secret police forces, make opposition almost impossible; thus torture on a grand scale is superfluous.

Communist countries like China, North Korea, Cuba and others nevertheless have their networks of "labor reform" camps for "re-educating" dissidents. The harsh life of these camps, with their meager diets, minimum time for sleep and long hours of labor, can produce agony bordering on torture.

Among Communist states that use torture, the Soviet Union is probably the worst offender. A common method of dealing with dissidents is to declare them insane and lock them away for

years in mental hospitals, like the notorious Serbsky Institute in Moscow. There low-calorie diets and drug treatments produce pain and suffering as acute as more physical methods of repression. One dissenter, Cybernetics Specialist Leonid Plyushch, now living in Paris, testified that he was kept in the Dnepropetrovsk Special Hospital for 30 months after getting a spurious diagnosis of "torpid schizophrenia" with "reform-making illusions." Plyushch saw beatings applied to other patients. He himself received insulin and heavy doses of sulfur which caused "discomfort so intense that all you could do was endlessly search for a new position."

How do nations justify torture? The most common argument is that the practice is an unfortunate but indispensable means of combating lawless elements



HANGING FROM THE "PARROT'S PERCH"

that threaten the security of the state, especially terrorist extremists. The argument draws some support from the reckless brutality of recent terrorist movements and from the massive Communist threat—at least as it is perceived in many countries. "Nobody wants to be called a torturer," says one senior Argentine officer. "The word stinks of cowardice. But nobody ever gave away important information because a gentleman came up to him and said: 'Please tell me what you know.'"

The argument justifying torture as a necessary evil is dangerous and flawed. The fact is that the purpose of torture, more often than not, is pure and simple repression of all opposition. Moreover, once torture is sanctioned, even against genuine terrorists, the network of tor-

ture has a way of becoming a Frankenstein's monster, finding reasons for a continued existence even after its initial tasks have been accomplished.

Last January, for example, Brazilian President Ernesto Geisel dismissed General Eduardo D'Ávila Mela, the commander of the second army in São Paulo and a notorious advocate of torture. That seemed to reduce the mistreatment of prisoners in the city, but there was a flurry of new charges that prisoners in Rio were being tortured. Some civil rights activists believe that the São Paulo torturers simply shifted their operations to Rio. "There is a national network of torturers," says one prisoner and torture victim: "they coordinate their work. It is a system and therefore very powerful."

What, if anything, can be done? "Make torture as unthinkable as slavery," answers David Hawk, the executive director of Amnesty International's New York branch. As Hawk well knows, that laudable goal is not easy to achieve—no easier, certainly, than the abolition of slavery was. Amnesty itself has had some limited success in securing the release of individual prisoners by means of letter-writing campaigns and appeals to conscience directed at government officials.

Still Sensitive. Most countries are at least somewhat sensitive to foreign public opinion, if only because they fear that a bad human rights record could interfere with economic and military aid programs or foreign investments. Secretary Kissinger sensibly argues that U.S. foreign policy cannot be based on personal moral beliefs. Nonetheless, it does seem possible that regimes such as those of South Korea, Chile and Uruguay, which are heavily dependent on American support, could be nudged into loosening some of their grip by threats from Washington to withhold aid.

Little leverage, however, can be brought against such largely self-sufficient and comparatively wealthy states as Iran, Brazil and the Philippines—or for that matter even against such smaller countries as the African dictatorships.

One widespread hope is that torture-prone dictatorships will be overthrown, like the junta in Greece. But generally the odds are against such regimes being replaced by more benign ones, especially in countries where democracy and human rights have feeble roots to begin with. Another hope is that dictatorships will gain enough of a sense of security to cut out at least the routine use of the worst brutalities. Meanwhile, about the only avenues left are publicity and prayer—and, perhaps, keeping alive in memory a statement made by Vladimir Hertzog, a Brazilian journalist found dead a few hours after being detained in São Paulo last October. Said Hertzog: "If we lose our capacity to be outraged when we see others submitted to atrocities, then we lose our right to call ourselves civilized human beings."

**"Jet Skiing past
Toronto's CN Tower,
I found I was on a
collision course with
a speedboat!"**

"A Jet Ski can streak over
the water as smooth as silk.
But if the waves get wild,
it's like a bucking bronco with
a burr under the saddle."



"I came saw the speed
boat bearing down
on us first. 'Look out!'
she shouted. I maneuvered
and narrowly avoided
a bone-crushing
crash. But now I was
trapped in the boat's
choppy wake."



"No rock in a storm-
tossed ocean was
ever more jolted,
tossed and angled.
Next time, I thought,
I'll pick a sleepy
tropical lagoon to
jet ski on."



"Later, we toasted our adventure with Canadian Club at the
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No other whisky tastes quite like it. Lighter than Scotch,
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has been an old class by itself.

Canadian Club

"The Best In The House"™ in 87 lands



Two of the most valuable resources an oil company can offer our country are experience and technology.

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Energy for a st



Our experience searching for oil and gas is helping us uncover usable new deposits of uranium.

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We spend millions of dollars each year exploring for oil and gas in sedimentary rock. And it just so happens that uranium ore is also found in the same kind of rock.

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America has nearly half the Free World's coal reserves. This is equal to twice the energy of all the oil in the Middle East.

Right now, Exxon scientists are working on new ways to help America use more coal by turning it into other forms of energy—synthetic gas and oil. Someday, these synthetic fuels could help supplement our dwindling supplies of natural gas and oil and help reduce our dependence on foreign oil.

This synthetic fuels technology is a new application of similar technology being used by Exxon for refining oil. It's also a good example of how Exxon's experience in one energy area is being put to work in another.



We're taking solar energy out of the lab and putting it to work.

An Exxon solar device is now powering a railroad crossing signal in Georgia. Another is running a police radio station in Montana. Others are bringing educational television to remote villages in Africa and Asia.

Solar power could become an important part of America's future energy mix. That's why we're committing money and some of our best brains to the task of turning the sun into energy you can use.

A good way to judge a company's experience is to look at the experience of the people who work for it.

Since 1882, Exxon has grown from just a few dozen workers in the U.S. to nearly 47,000 today. During this time, our people have learned a lot about supplying energy.

They built the world's first oil tanker. Their gasoline helped get the Wright brothers off the ground. They developed the first carburetor de-icer for automobiles, the first engine detergent. They invented butyl rubber. The first multigrade motor oil. And more.

Today, the men and women of Exxon are still working hard to provide more energy for a strong America.



Strong America

Why is Tareyton better? Others remove.

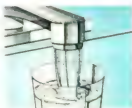
Tareyton improves.

The Reason is Activated Charcoal

The U.S. Environmental Protection Agency recently reported that granular activated carbon (charcoal) is the best available method for filtering water.

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The evidence is mounting that activated charcoal does indeed improve the taste of drinking water.



Charcoal: History's No. 1 filter

Charcoal was used by the ancient Egyptians as early as 1550 B.C.

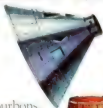
Charcoal has been used ever since then in many manufacturing processes, including the refining of sugar!



Charcoal made the gas mask possible in World War I.



Charcoal is used today for masks that are required equipment in many industries.



Charcoal helps freshen air in submarines and spacecraft!

Charcoal is used to mellow the taste of the finest bourbons.



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Activated charcoal does something for cigarette smoke, too.

While plain white filters reduce tar and nicotine they also remove taste.

But Tareyton scientists created a unique, two-part filter—a white tip on the outside, activated charcoal on the inside. Tar and nicotine are reduced... but the taste is actually improved by charcoal. Charcoal in Tareyton smooths and balances and improves the tobacco taste.



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**Tareyton is America's
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

King Size: 21 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine.
"tar" and 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report Apr. '76



DOG POISONED BY GAS FROM CHEMICAL PLANT LIES IN STREET IN SEVESO, ITALY

The Deadly Cloud

As soldiers stood guard in the northern Italian town of Seveso, hundreds of villagers last week loaded into their cars or hand-drawn carts the few belongings they were allowed to take, then fled southward. Behind them they left the bodies of scores of animals in a desolated area now sealed off by barbed wire. The cause of the exodus: a cloud of toxic gas caused by an explosion at a chemical plant in Meda, twelve miles north of Milan.

Seveso's nightmare originated at Icmesa, a chemical plant that makes trichlorophenol, which is used in manufacturing disinfectant soaps and deodorants. The process can produce a highly toxic substance with the jawbreaking name of tetrachlorodibenzodioxine, or, as it is more commonly called, TCDD. On the morning of July 10, a stuck safety valve caused an autoclave to overheat and speed up the chemical reaction that produces TCDD. The result was an explosion that released two kilos (4.4 lbs.) of the poison.

Already accustomed to smoke from the factories that have sprung up in the region in the last decade, nearby townspeople at first paid little attention to the white chemical cloud. But they could not ignore it for long. "The wind carried it here," recalls Vinicio Lazaretti of the small town of San Pietro. "I couldn't breathe. It made my eyes water. The next day all the leaves and plants and flowers were riddled with small holes, as if they had been struck with tiny hailstones." Within a few days, household pets in the area started to bleed at the nose and mouth, then die. Farmyard chickens dropped dead, wild birds fell from trees, mice and rats crawled out

of their holes and died. One farmer saw his cat keel over, and when he went to pick up the body, the tail fell off. When authorities dug the cat up for examination two days later, said the farmer, all that was left was its skull.

Still not fully aware of the danger, residents of the region went on with their daily routines. They ate vegetables from their gardens, drank milk from their cows, despite the fact that it tasted peculiar, and, in some cases, even cooked and ate the chickens that had been killed by the cloud. It was not until July 14, when some 14 children were hospitalized for burns and pains, and adults began complaining about liver and kidney problems, that the dimensions of the threat became clear.

TCDD is so toxic, according to one scientist, that a single gram is capable of killing thousands of people. The gas can cause blistering, and damage to the liver, spleen, kidneys, respiratory tract and nervous system; it may also cause deformities in unborn children.

Scorched Earth. Officials at Hoffmann-La Roche, the Swiss-based company that owns Icmesa, have urged Italian authorities to destroy the factory, tear down houses, burn the surrounding vegetation and skim off a foot of topsoil over the entire area affected by the TCDD. Italian officials have not yet decided to adopt such a scorched-earth policy. But army troops have so far evacuated more than 700 people from villages near the plant, and authorities have ordered blood tests on some 15,000 people in the area. Officials are also taking some controversial steps to confine the effects of the accident to those already afflicted. Doctors are urging women who might have been exposed to the TCDD not to become pregnant for

at least three months, and they are making birth control services available. The government has gone even further. Despite grumblings from the Vatican, it has authorized abortions, under normal circumstances illegal in Italy, for all women whose unborn babies might be malformed by the gas.

Bridge of Sighs

One night in January 1975, the zinc-laden freighter *Lake Illawarra* plowed into the Tasman Bridge, killing twelve motorists and crewmen and severing the main link between Hobart, the capital of Australia's island state of Tasmania, and its eastern suburbs. Next morning, as some 30,000 suburbanites set out for work, they found that the former three-minute commute over the bridge had turned into a pilgrimage of an hour and a half at rush hours, requiring a detour of 33 miles.

A recent study sponsored by the Tasmanian police showed that the collapse of the bridge meant not just a detour but an impressive variety of social and psychological difficulties as well. "Although comparatively minor in loss of life and damage," the report observed, "it presented a problem beyond the capacity of the community to resolve."

For the people of the eastern shore, the bridge had been a taken-for-granted umbilical not only to friends, relatives and jobs, but to schools, hospitals, government offices, banks, lawyers, dentists and even undertakers. The disaster left the community bewildered as well as isolated.

In the six months after the disaster, crime rose 41% on the eastern shore, while downtown rates were falling. Car theft shot up almost 50% in the isolated community, and neighborhood quarrels and complaints rose 300%. With no hospital facilities on the eastern shore, weary general practitioners were inundated with increasingly testy and fearful patients.

The long commute took a heavy toll in morale, according to the report. Tired fathers, worn out waiting for ferries, showed markedly less interest in home life, children, and sex. They often drank more. Their wives made comments like "He's not interested in our marriage any more" and "He's too tired to do anything but sleep." Senator John Marriott warned the federal Parliament of a "significant" increase in the use of tranquilizers on the eastern shore.

Last December the authorities finally completed a temporary bridge that let the routines of life return to normal. One small plus resulting from the loss of the bridge is that the suburbanites have been reading more, with little else to do, eastern shorers joined the library in record numbers.



QUEEN KONG TAKES A SWING THROUGH LONDON

Who is that giant female gorilla clambering over St. Paul's Cathedral in London? Why, it's *Queen Kong* of course. A tawdry rip-off of *Dino De Laurentiis'* hugely publicized \$22 million remake of *King Kong*? "I like to think," Producer Keith Cavele says of his \$3 million sortie into camp, "that although it may be a rip-off, it's mostly a satire and a send-up." Director Frank Agrama, whose last film was a bawdy intergalactic epic called *Flesh Gordon*, has already begun location shooting in the "tropical" south coast of England, with 50 chorus girls as native dancers. But the heartstuck *Queen Kong* cares only for you guessed it—Ray Fay.

After surviving 13 months of marriage to Cher, Rock Star **Gregg Allman** now faces divorce from his fellow musicians. The Allman Brothers Band "has been having problems for about a year," concedes Capricorn Records Vice President Mike Hyland, who points out that three members have recently formed a new group called Sea Level. Already miffed by Allman's preoccupation with Cher during the recording of the group's last album, *Win, Lose or Draw*, the band was reportedly outraged six weeks ago when Gregg testified in a drug trial against his former road manager, John ("Scooter") Herring. Convicted of procuring drugs for Allman in 1974, Herring received a 75-year prison sentence. Though Capricorn President Phil Walden refused to "rule out the possibility" of the group reuniting, other record company officials were less optimistic.

"Gregg Allman," said one Capricorn spokesman, "is a very sore subject around here."

Jimmy Carter's hair "is styled very well for his face," but **Ronald Reagan's** slicked-back coiffure "is in the past, it is what we were using 15 or 20 years ago." So says **Milton Pitts**, 58, who has been clipping important political heads of state since **Richard Nixon** appointed him as the White House barber six years ago. Last week Pitts paused to consider this year's crop of presidential candidates. "I don't think I would change Jimmy Carter's hair if I were his barber," said Republican Pitts. His advice for Reagan, toss out that greasy-kid stuff. **President Ford**, who visits Pitts in his West Wing shop for a shampoo and trim every ten days, favors "a contour cut, very soft and natural." The President, he adds, "doesn't much hair as the others."

have as

Daniel Patrick Moynihan, former ambassador to the U.N. who is now seeking New York's Democratic nomination to the Senate, has obviously let politics go to his head. Appearing in Manhattan for the opening of his volunteer campaign headquarters, Moynihan donned a star-spangled stovepipe hat and struck a candidate's pose. A bid for Lincolnian stature? Said Moynihan: "I refuse to concede the hat vote to anyone in this election." Or the frock coat vote, apparently.

"She knows a lot of people, and she's known them in a unique way," mused *Genesis* Publisher **Norman Hill**. The object of his reflection was **Elizabeth Ray**, 33, former clerk and mistress to Ohio Congressman **Wayne Hays** and, according to Hill, *Genesis'* reporter at next week's Republican National Convention. Ray, who sent Capitol Hill skirt chasers running for the covers with her revelations of sexual shenanigans in Congress, will file her report for the December issue of Hill's skin magazine, says the publisher. "She'll carry a tape recorder everywhere she goes, and she'll write it out in longhand," Hill added. "She can't type, you know."

When we last left Loretta Haggars, the guitar-strumming neighbor of TV's Mary Hartman, she was faltering on the road to country-music stardom. Her recording of *Vitamin L* had stalled on the charts, and some unexpected family

problems had poor little Loretta singing the blues. Take heart, soap fans: Loretta, or rather Actress **Mary Kay Place**, will soon be singing a different song in *New York, New York*. **Martin Scorsese's** upcoming movie about the Big Band era "I have thrown off my bouffant wig for Betty Grable pompadour curls and ruby-red lips," announces Place, 28, who plays the part of a 1940s nightclub singer opposite **Liza Minnelli** and **Robert De Niro**.



MOYNIHAN TRIES A HAT TRICK

"Loretta would love the film," insists Mary Kay. "It's a great love story, and Loretta loves a love story."

In his Broadway run in *The King and I* a quarter-century ago, **Yul Brynner** needed a two-hour makeup job each night for his role as the irascible, middle-aged King of Siam. "That effort is no longer necessary," confessed the actor in St. Louis, where he is leading a road-show revival of the Rodgers and Hammerstein classic. "Now, at 56, I am ex-

PEOPLE



MARY KAY SINGS A GOLDEN OLDIE
BRYNNER MAKES A REGAL RETURN



actly the right age." With Actress **Connie Towers**, 43, playing the part of Anna, the show has attracted some exuberant reviews and one critic's observation that Brynner has grown "a bit thicker in the middle but no balder" in the past 25 years. Even if he is older and wider, the actor would like to finish his tour by returning to Broadway in 1977. Says Brynner: "A role like this comes only once in a lifetime, and then only if an actor is very, very lucky."

Lodged in the lower ranks of the American League East, the Detroit Tigers are hardly a threat to the runaway New York Yankees. Still, when the Tigers came to New York last week, more than 49,000 fans showed up at Yankee Stadium. The reason: **Mark ("the Bird") Fidyrych**, 21, Detroit's rookie righthander and resident flake. Nicknamed because of his gallinaceous similarity to Big Bird of *Sesame Street*, Fidyrych came to town with an impressive 11-3 won-lost record and a certifiably manic style of pitching. He shouts advice to the baseball, encouragement to his arm, and scratches round the infield like Groucho Marx possessed. It was not enough to ruffle Yankee batters, however, who belted two home runs and beat the Bird 4-3. Hadn't he spoken to the ball as always? "I did talk to it," insisted Fidyrych. "That's life, I guess."

"All I want to do on my days off is sleep," insists Actress **Valerie Perrine**, who has been performing her own stunts in a film about a female private eye. It is called *Windfall*, with the emphasis on fall: jumping from a burning helicopter, Perrine sprained her ankle; in



FIDRYCH & FRIEND AT YANKEE STADIUM

another episode, she was thrown from a horse; on location at the Grand Canyon, she got a bad case of acrophobia and fainted. Fortunately, the perils of Perrine include a few scenes best done lying down. One of her favorites is a phony rape incident, staged to inspire a rescue by Co-Star **Terence Hill** and eventually some romancing. "I think it's fun because you have a leading man and a leading woman," says Perrine, "instead of a leading man and a leading man."

WINDFALL BUDDIES VALERIE PERRINE & TERENCE HILL GET BACK ON THEIR FEET



Photograph by
Valerie Taylor

THE GREAT WHITE SHARK!

One of the killers you'll encounter in
DANGEROUS SEA CREATURES



Razor-edged
tooth of a
great white

The great white . . . most feared of the ocean's predators. He grows to a length of 30 feet, and to a weight of three tons. His teeth measure a full two inches, and are replaced, when damaged, within 24 hours. His acute sense of smell can detect one ounce of fish blood in one million ounces of water. His nerve endings can pick up erratic vibrations — such as those of a swimmer in trouble — at a distance of 600 feet. The great white claimed the lives of thousands of shipwreck victims during World War II . . . yet most attacks take place in waist-deep water! You've heard the myths about the great white shark . . . now, read the stranger-than-fiction truth about the deadliest of all sharks in *Dangerous Sea Creatures*. It's your first volume in the WILD, WILD WORLD OF ANIMALS library, based on the popular TIME-LIFE television series.

The great white is only one of the terrifying inhabitants of the deep. In *Dangerous Sea Creatures*, yours for 10-day free trial, you'll discover:

- an electric ray, capable of electrocuting its prey with a charge of up to 200 volts.

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- the sea wasp, whose venom is so potent, it can paralyze the heart of a man within 30 seconds after entering his bloodstream

- the giant grouper, capable of swallowing a diver whole!

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Embark on an action-photo tour of the treacherous undersea world. More than 150 incredible full-color photographs (many of them taken by famed photographer Ron Taylor who has actually survived a white shark attack) give you a close-up view of the ocean's monsters second in drama only to actually confronting them. Send for *Dangerous Sea Creatures* for a 10-day free examination today — and begin a perilous journey to the ocean's floor.



The Zambezi shark of South
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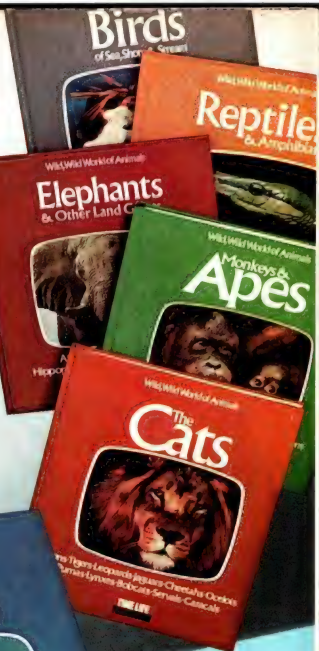
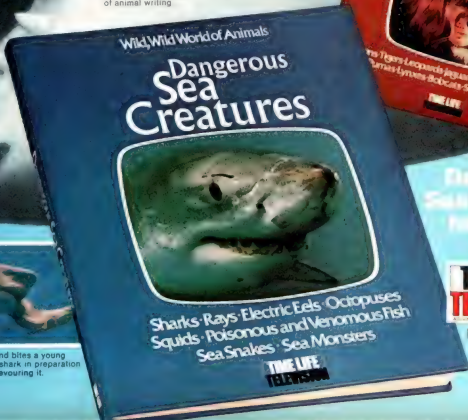
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...and bites a young gray shark in preparation for devouring it.



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"I think there is something beautiful in things doing what they are supposed to do. It doesn't happen enough these days. That's why I say Holiday Inns are amazing.

"At Holiday Inn® everything works. The lights go on and off, the TV set works like a charm, the climate control does a remarkable thing, it actually controls the climate in *my* room.

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the best surprise is
no surprise.**





MASS FOR HANDICAPPED CATHOLICS DURING LAST WEEK'S MILLION-MEMBER EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS IN PHILADELPHIA

SAUL LOEB/ABC

RELIGION

The Catholic Olympics

Past cardinals in a reviewing stand and down Philadelphia's Independence Mall, strode a platoon of nuns to the tune of *When the Saints Go Marching In*. In the swelling parade came cheerleaders leading parochial-school bands, chanting Pueblo Indians in full feathered regalia and flag-waving marchers representing each of Pennsylvania's 1,486 Roman Catholic parishes. The 41st International Eucharistic Congress, one of the largest religious spectacles in U.S. history, was under way.

The calendar was so crowded that the eight-day faith festival was inevitably dubbed the "Catholic Olympics." There were Masses for children and the physically handicapped, blacks and Ruthenians, even a military Mass unwittingly scheduled on the anniversary of the Hiroshima bombing—so many Masses that the congress's congregations used 1,700,000 Communion wafers. Dave Brubeck and Ella Fitzgerald offered religious jazz, the Dance Theater of Harlem turned to religious choreography, and Monaco's Prince Rainier and Princess Grace addressed a "family life" conference.

Burial Cloth. At the entrance to the Civic Center waved a giant banner: WELCOME TO THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS. COME AND SEE THE FACE OF JESUS ON HIS BURIAL CLOTH. Inside, pilgrims viewed photos of the Holy Shroud of Turin, the purported burial cloth on which Jesus' image appears. Near by there were booths offering clerical clothing and T-shirts, booths advocating sainthood for Italian Missionary Samuel Mazzuchelli and publicizing struggling Catholic colleges.

For more than a year, Eucharistic Congress planners, whose publicity bud-

get alone ran to \$296,000, had spread expectations that Pope Paul VI would appear, only to announce as the event drew near that the pontiff, at age 78, was too infirm to hazard the trip. (He had attended previous congresses in India and Colombia but missed the most recent one, in Australia.) But, in fact, the Pope's decision was largely political. For one thing, the pontiff was wary of the partisan overtones of visiting the U.S. during an election year and being greeted by President Ford. Instead, the Pope planned to transmit to the congress a special message via satellite during the closing Mass on Aug. 8.

In spite of the scare caused by the mysterious disease that felled some legionnaires who had met in the city two weeks before (see MEDICINE), the congress expected to draw one million people, as many as did Philadelphia's July 4 festivities and the Chicago Eucharistic Congress of 1926. By contrast, the first congress of 1881 in Lille, France, was attended by only 800 people. That initial one was inspired by French Laywoman Marie Tamisier to foster devotion to the Eucharist and belief in Christ's "real presence" in the elements of bread and wine. Like the 40 subsequent congresses, it was an occasion for spiritual fervor, a kind of all purpose pep rally.

Recent congresses have invited some participation by non-Catholics. Programs have been broadened beyond Eucharistic devotion to include earnest discussions of problems facing the church and the world, though not enough to satisfy the liberal *National Catholic Reporter*. It found "the pilgrimage to Philadelphia a trek to the church predictable," little more than a "Fatima-on-the-Delaware for the ever faithful non-questioners." Amid the mass outpouring of devotion, however, many

nuns and priests felt a new spirit of reconciliation among Catholics.

Blending spiritual and temporal concerns, the 1976 theme was "Hungers of the Human Family." Each day's meetings emphasized a different hunger—for God, Jesus, truth, understanding, freedom and justice, the spirit, peace.

But the most impassioned messages to those assembled dealt with the basic world hunger for bread. In the Civic Center auditorium, Jesuit Superior General Pedro Arrupe said that if each U.S. Catholic fasted for one meal a week, the money saved could buy \$2.5 billion worth of food for the needy each year. (By such fasting over the past year, U.S. Catholics had already saved enough money to buy a shipload of rice, which they sent to Bangladesh during the congress.) Brazil's activist Archbishop Heider Cãmara called the world's unequal distribution of wealth "the greatest scandal of the century." Bishop James Rausch, general secretary of the U.S. Catholic Conference, called on the U.S. to send food abroad now, to be followed by technical aid. Each person's right to eat, he said, is a matter of elemental justice. "If we fail, the hungering Christ stands in judgment of us."

Breaking Bread. Clad in her spotless blue-bordered white sari, Mother Teresa, who ministers to the starving people of Calcutta (TIME, Dec. 29), was the cynosure of the congress. At the world-hunger symposium, the diminutive nun prayed over a table laden with bread, then broke a loaf of bread and invited those in attendance to do likewise to symbolize the sharing of food. To her, both the U.S. and India are in deep trouble. "There is spiritual poverty and there is material poverty," she told her audience of 6,000 faithful, "and I think each one of us is the poorest of the poor."

Let the Costume Ball Begin

Wisdom is to be crazy when circumstances warrant it.
—Jean Cocteau

Along with Cocteau, the avant-garde French writer and film director whose aphorism he quotes frequently these days, Yves Henri Donat Mathieu Saint Laurent may be *fou* like a fox. After years of beguiling women into austere tailored pantsuits, now, in this cool age of less is more and casual is all, the world's most influential couturier has stopped the parade with a collection of high-camp peasant fashions that are impractical, fantastical and egotistical. They are also subtle, sumptuous, sensual and jubilantly feminine. The overwhelming first American response, both from those who deal in clothes and those who wear them: let the costume ball begin.

Unlike most fashions that women wear today, the romantic new Cossack-gypsy-Indian-Moroccan all-purpose *paisana*-princess image—the YSLook—is a deliberate assertion, a statement. It says, in the words of a Washington fashion setter who was in Paris last week, "Aren't I simply devastatingly dazzling!" It is not, at from \$2,000 to \$10,000 per outfit, for humble folks. Saint Laurent has used with theatrical abandon the old luxurious, tactile fabrics: satin, gold and silver lamé, silk faille, velvet, taffeta, chiffon, chenille, *mousseline* and moiré. The materials, fashioned into 106 outfits for Saint Laurent's July 28 showing, bring back blouses with billowing sleeves, bouffant skirts and, yes, soft petticoats, with tight, wasp waists defined by cummerbunds, corselets and cinched belts for day and evening wear (see color pages). The clothes are extravagantly ornamented, with braiding, tasseled cords, floral scarves, satin ribbons, hammered gold jewelry. They are topped with turbans, mink toques, babushkas, knit caps, fezzes and feathers, and bottomed with boots, boots, boots. They are an incendiary eruption of color: violet, emerald, scarlet, mint, tangerine, rose, sapphire, turquoise, lime, azure, royal purple.

Added Dimension. Yves' leaves are not newly fallen. The shape of Y.S.L. to come was foreshadowed last spring, when he displayed a ready-to-wear collection that embodied in less expensive form the essence of the couture show. Thus reversing the traditional cycle of a high-fashion collection followed by a mass-manufactured version of the same clothes, Saint Laurent's top-line show echoed—and amplified—his earlier collection. This strategy, rather than the designs themselves, was the real revolution. The very same week that fashion

writers were trumpeting the glories of Saint Laurent's *haute couture*, the ready-to-wear clothes were showing up in the 111 Y.S.L. boutiques from Kuwait to Hong Kong, including 46 in the U.S. At prices ranging from \$130 for a wool shirt to \$1,110 for a taffeta skirt, they are selling as fast as they can be reordered.

The impact of these clothes, most experts agree, will be felt for years to come. Says Geraldine Stutz, president of Henri Bendel and one of American fashion's savviest seers: "Women have been wearing the pared-down look for some time. Fashion has been simplified and simplified and simplified. Saint Laurent felt that women wanted more glamour, more detail. He has a clairvoyance of what women will want, and then conceives it in ways that women wouldn't conceive of wanting it. What he's saying is thick rather than thin, fuller rather than bone skinny, static rather than fluid. He has made the whole extravagant peasant irresistible."

American women today are not about to burn their wardrobes and capitulate to any *diktat* from Paris. To be sure, they yielded to the New Look from Christian Dior—Saint Laurent's mentor—in 1947 when, after years of war, they had a yearning for opulence and no wardrobes to boast of. But much has happened since then, not the least the advent of the distinctively American look (TIME cover, March 22). What Yves and such other like-minded French designers as Givenchy and Un-

garo are offering is an added dimension. "Saint Laurent's collection," says American Designer Bill Blass, "doesn't make clothes obsolete. Women will keep the clothes they have but will use some ingredient from Saint Laurent." Yves himself (see box) believes women should have "a basic set of clothes—things that won't change." Albert Capraro, 33, Betty Ford's favorite designer, points out: "What this will do is add beautiful romanticism to clothes. Women today want variety. I don't think there's any place for the total look. Saint Laurent's clothes are an addition." Noting that the peasant look was innocently and informally introduced a few years ago by the footloose young returning from Katmandu and Casablanca, Francine Crescent, fashion editor of French *Vogue*, says, "The mixture of styles is exactly what young people go for. They love the naïveté and the beauty." Another extra comes with the Y.S.L. label: humor. As Diana Vreeland, *Vogue's* editor emeritus, notes, "Surely no one can wear these clothes with a deadpan face." Adds Kalman Rottenstein, president of Bonwit Teller: "This guy puts it all together and makes it so elegantly wearable."

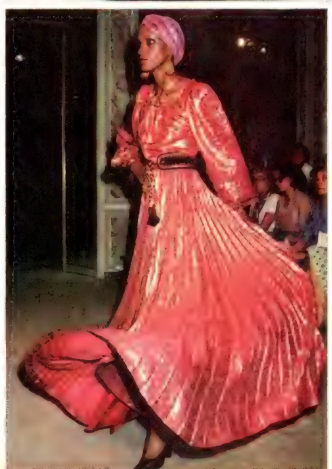
What smart women will do is use Y.S.L. bits and pieces and integrate them with what they already own. Says Irene Satz, Ohrbach's vice president: "These are really investment clothes that can be mixed and matched." Some Yvesian clothes are already filtering into stores—and selling out at \$500 an item. "There will be some horrendous copies," predicts Bill Blass, mainly because the rip-off versions will substitute synthetics for Y.S.L.'s lush materials.

Subsidized Superelgance. The vast expense of *haute couture*—the latest Y.S.L. collection costs at least \$500,000—makes the whole notion of superelgance for a dwindling few seem anachronistic. Nonetheless, the number of Parisian high-fashion houses still in business remains constant at 25, and the couture industry's sales increased 15% (to \$1.4 billion) last year. One reason is that couture, in a Y.S.L. executive's words, is "the locomotive" for a clothing company's lucrative ready-to-wear business. Additionally, the publicity that high fashion generates for Y.S.L.—or Pierre Cardin or Dior—helps boost sales of the entire line of products, from soap to wallpaper, that is marketed under a fashion-house name. As a *conglomérateur*, with 4,450 employees worldwide, 58 products on the market and annual sales of \$200 million, Saint Laurent can afford to subsidize the rich who buy his \$5,000 gowns.

Those precious originals he displayed on the runway beneath the chandeliers did not vanquish all critics. Halston, the monarch of American design, wondered, "Where will a woman wear



Y.S.L. 1976 READY-TO-WEAR





Yves' designs? Taxis, chairs, doorways aren't big enough for these enormous skirts." And, some asked, how often will a woman get to wear such fantasy clothes? As the perennially best-dressed Mrs. William McCormick ("Deeda") Blair Jr., of Washington and international society, said in Paris: "It's not every day of my life I'd want to look like a Ukrainian peasant!" (She has not yet put down any kopeks for one of Saint Laurent's new creations.)

Some of the bitterest attacks came from Saint Laurent's compatriots, who have a fairly good history of deploring innovation in the arts. "I'm a friend of Yves," expostulated *Le Figaro's* fashion editor Viviane Ch. Greymour. "But I

didn't congratulate him on this collection! It's folklore, a show, theater, dreams." Another complaint—as if buyers of *haute couture* rode the subway—was that Yves' cloaks and skirts are "too wide to pass through the Metro turnstiles." The unkindest cut came from a jury voting during the week of the showing for the new Golden Thimble award—*haute couture's* would-be Oscar gave the honor to the classic Mme Gres (runner-up: Emanuel Ungaro), without even mentioning Saint Laurent.

Gallie disparagement could, to some extent, be attributed to a kind of reverse chauvinism: anything the Americans go wild for is automatically suspect. The corollary: the French have come around

to buying the Matisses, Braques and Picassos that American art collectors started snapping up 70 years ago. Nor is that too extreme a comparison. Critic after critic referred to Saint Laurent's originals as investments. *Women's Wear Daily* called them "instant museum pieces."

Their creator says only, "I don't know if this is my best collection. But it is my most beautiful collection." As for practicality, he snorts: "In *haute couture* you can't think about it. My clothes are addressed to women who can afford to travel with 40 suitcases"—each single bag, of course, bearing the magic Y.S.L. logo. If Yves is *fon*, wise men should study madness.

Living for Design: All About Yves

The Saint Laurents, an old and distinguished family from Alsace, settled in the then French territory of Algeria in the 19th century. Yves, who was born in the port city of Oran, still feels drawn to the silky, sun-baked lands of North Africa—no longer to the Algeria of his childhood, now an austere socialist state, but to *laissez-faire* Morocco. There, at his magnificent Arab-style palace in the ancient fortress city of Marrakech, the designer talked at length last week with *TIME* Paris Bureau Chief Gregory Wierzynski about his aims, his dreams and his worries. Wierzynski's report.

He is just 40, a millionaire, world-renowned and, at the peak of his profession, a confident and gracious man. He is pale, despite the Sahara sun, but seemingly healthy. His life with Pierre Berge, his business partner and intimate of 15 years, has probably been as harmonious as most marriages. Yet beneath the patina of assurance, Yves Saint Laurent is a tortured soul, a self-avowed neurotic who is still recovering from an unhappy childhood and the trauma of his brief service in the French army (the spent two months in a solitary psychiatric cell). "Yves," says Berge, "was born with a nervous breakdown." Says Yves himself, "I am ridden by anxieties all the time."

Though he says his designs come out of a "crucible of pain," Saint Laurent has an extraordinarily fertile and precise imagination. Working in Marrakech, seldom spending more than 15 minutes on a single drawing, he designed his latest collection so perfectly that not a bead or button had to be changed when he arrived at his Paris headquarters to inspect the finished array of 106 styles.

"It's an egotistical collection," says Saint Laurent. "I thought like a painter or a writer. I put in it all I had in me, all my favorite painters—Vermeer, Delacroix, Ingres, La Tour, Rembrandt. It's the collection of a painter. Then there is the theatrical side—I love the

opera and the music hall, and there was some of that. Then I put in my favorite heroines, like Madame Bovary and Catherine of Russia."

How does the man who put well over a million women into pants explain his abrupt flight into a world of rustling taffeta? Over the past ten years, says Saint Laurent, he had refined his line to the limit and finally felt bored with its simplicity. "I had arrived at a certain purity. This had forced me to repress my fantasy, and I needed a big burst." Besides, Yves considers himself the last truly creative designer around. "A collection is always a reaction to something," he observes. "I was fed up with opening magazines and seeing clothes that I thought were mine but had in fact been done by somebody else. I made a decision to make a dramatic departure."

Though he vows never to abandon *haute couture*, he finds his challenges today chiefly in the dog-eat-dog arena of ready-to-wear. His men's clothes, which he designs himself, bring in more income—\$45 million in U.S. sales alone—than his women's fashions. "I have more to defend in ready-to-wear," he says. "There is more competition there. I am more stimulated." He takes pride in the fact that each of the 58 products that bear his name, from sunglasses to soap and soon to cigarette lighters, has received his own scrutiny and approval.

In Paris, where Saint Laurent and Berge occupy a splendid two-story garden apartment on the Left Bank, the elegantly tailored Yves drives himself to work each morning in a dark blue Volkswagen Beetle convertible. (Berge, as the business manager, goes to the office in a chauffeured Rolls.) Settled in at Y.S.L. headquarters, a huge, four-story townhouse on Avenue Marceau that must rank as one of the world's most elegant office buildings, Yves hunkers over a small (3 ft. by 4 ft.) folding worktable that is as meticulously arranged as any

Saint Laurent model on the runway. At his left is a stack of white sketching cards; behind him sits Hazel, his beige Chihuahua. Drawing on a Kool, Saint Laurent plucks a dagger-sharp 2-B pencil from a pot at his right and swiftly, unerringly limns a costume. Or, between vision and commitment, he will fiddle with a handful of worry trinkets, the Captain Queeg of couture.

Partly as therapy, partly to explore and extend his artistic philosophy, Saint Laurent is now working on a book for several hours a day. As prolific a writer as he is a designer, he expects to have the first volume ready for publication next year. It is not an autobiography, he insists, adding in the same breath, "I lay myself bare." Publishers are pounding on his door, even on the beaten brass portals of his Saharan retreat. They should not be disappointed: Saint Laurent is articulate, well read and capable of turning a phrase as neatly as a hem. For example: "Over the years I've learned that what's right in a dress is the woman wearing it." He has no title yet, but it could be called *All About Yves*.

COUTURIER YVES SAINT LAURENT



PROFITS

Still Pointing to Growth

Profits are probably the most critical of economic weather vanes. They both measure the current pace of business and offer some vital clues as to whether employers will be able to raise the job-generating capital that is vital to the U.S. free-enterprise system (see ESSAY). In both areas, the profit vane presently seems on target, wavering slightly, but still pointing toward more growth. During the period of explosive recovery in the first three months of the year, corporate profits staged a dazzling comeback from the depressed levels of the nation's worst postwar recession. Then, as many experts predicted, business from April through June tapered off to a more sustainable pace. Yet the second-quarter earnings reports now

flowing from company headquarters show that despite the slowdown, corporations continued to show solid profit gains. Moreover, according to most economists, earnings will go on rising smartly at least throughout the rest of the year.

All in all, second-quarter profits were an estimated 30% or so over the same period last year. That is far below the 49.8% increase in the January-March period, but the comparison is somewhat distorted: first-quarter earnings in 1975 were well below those of the succeeding quarters. Actually, when the first and second quarters of this year are compared, profits are virtually unchanged after seasonal adjustments—even though earnings in the April-June period were hindered by a slowdown in the rate of expansion of the nation's output of goods and services.

The economy's rate of expansion slipped from a boomy 9.2% in the first quarter to a merely salutary 4.4% in the second. The Commerce Department's June index of leading indicators, the Government's key barometer of future business trends, inched up only 3%, the smallest rise in seven months. The moderation in growth also hampered a faster reduction in the still high unemployment rate, which is itself a drag on the economy (see box following page).

So far most economists are not unduly concerned by the slowdown. They continue to pre-

dict a 6% increase in real G.N.P. (not counting inflation) for the remainder of this year and a reduction in the level of joblessness to 7%. Even so, growth in second-half profits is likely to slow down. One reason for the strong first-half showing is that companies were able to raise prices faster than their labor costs went up, thus improving profit margins. That advantage will diminish in the months ahead as the economy picks up momentum and industry comes closer to using its full capacity. Albert Sommers, chief economist of the Conference Board, a business research group, predicts that profits in the last half will grow by slightly more than 20% on a year-over-year basis. For all of 1976, however, most experts agree that earnings should be 25% to 30% higher than in 1975.

Most businessmen are still basking in the bright glow of second-quarter gains. Leading the earnings parade of manufacturers were the automakers, who were helped by price boosts on the 1976s and an unforeseen rush by buyers to larger, option-filled models that return a fatter profit than smaller cars. General Motors and Chrysler both announced record earnings for the period, \$909 million and \$155 million respectively. G.M., after paying its stockholders 60¢ a share in March, will move its third-quarter dividend back up to 85¢. Ford's earnings quadrupled over the same period last year, to \$441.9 million.

Strong Demand. Oil company profits continued to improve moderately, helped by price hikes for gasoline and other petroleum products. Texaco's earnings were up 23% and Continental's 27%. Exxon, the industry leader, reported a decline of 2.6%, largely because of a drop in its foreign earnings. Other industries benefiting from price boosts were aluminum, copper and lead producers, along with electric utilities. Strong demand for all product



EARNINGS UP

Percent change in corporate profits after taxes for 2nd quarter 1976 over 2nd quarter 1975



STEELWORKERS IN PITTSBURGH (ABOVE);
TRAINLOAD OF CADILLACS LEAVING DETROIT



lines also boosted profits of electrical equipment makers such as General Electric and RCA. Others scoring substantial second-quarter gains were producers of building materials, apparel and forest products; even the long buffeted airline industry took off (TIME, Aug. 9).

The steel companies, which weathered the slump better than firms in most other industries, have fared unevenly during the recovery: the industry leader, U.S. Steel, registered a 7% earnings dip compared with the same period last year, partly because of lagging capital goods demand. Among the few industries reporting an outright earnings slump, the most notable was banking; many institutions suffered heavy loan losses in the real estate industry, which was badly battered by the recession. Most banks are now showing strong signs of recovery, and their earnings are generally expected to improve in the months ahead.

The big question now is whether the surge in profits so far has been enough to induce businessmen to start spending in earnest for new plant and equipment. Until recently, the recovery has been spurred almost solely by increased spending by suddenly more optimistic consumers and by businessmen rebuilding their inventories. These spurs are still present, but most economists agree that business investment must rise substantially if the U.S. economy is to have a strong 1977.

Yet there is sharp disagreement among experts about whether businessmen will take the big capital-spending plunge. Irvin Kellner, vice president and economist of Manhattan's Manufacturers Hanover Trust Co., believes that they will. He notes that sales at

many companies are up, cash reserves are fat and the outlook for continued growth seems inviting. In those circumstances, Kellner argues, an increase in capital spending is probable.

But others, among them IBM's David Grove, a member of TIME Board of Economists, are not completely convinced. In Grove's view, many companies are still operating well below capacity and do not see the need for large

amounts of new plant and equipment in the near future. Moreover, Grove believes that the slowdown in the economy has dimmed prospects for consumer spending, expanded personal income and inventory investment next year. Thus businessmen will probably remain cautious. If Grove is right, the widespread conviction that a full-blown expansion is now in the bag could well prove illusory.



SENATE TAX BILL VICTOR RUSSELL LONG, DEFEATED REFORM LEADER TED KENNEDY

POLICY

Taxes: Still an Uncleared Jungle

Motivated by their usual good intentions, tax reformers in Congress began moving about two years ago to clear the jungle known as U.S. tax law. Their goal: to eliminate the inequities that favor certain taxpayers—most often powerful corporations and wealthy individuals. Late last year, the House passed a mild 674-page reform bill. Last week, by a vote of 49 to 22, the Senate approved a loophole-riddled bill that is more than twice as long (1,500 pages) and, arguably, half as effective.

To be sure, the Senate version of the Tax Reform Act of 1976 would do several things for the average taxpayer. It would extend through next year the 1975 tax cut that slightly reduced withholding rates. It would allow each taxpayer and dependent a \$35 credit (up from the present \$30) to be subtracted directly from taxes owed through 1977. It would give some relief to many retired people by a simplified tax credit system. It would increase the standard income tax deduction this year to as much as \$2,400 for single persons and \$2,800 for couples.

Finely Tailored. But many sections have "special interest" items—60 at least—that benefit groups of middle- and upper-income taxpayers and, in several cases, individual companies. There is, for example, an employee stock-ownership provision written to specifications of American Telephone & Telegraph Co. Another part, liberalizing invest-

ment tax credits, would mainly benefit airlines and utilities. So finely tailored are some provisions that Senator Edward Kennedy, a reform leader, likens them to legislation for a "one-eyed, bearded man with a limp."

Even Kennedy and the other reformers concede that the immense complexity of tax laws creates situations where certain customized legislative tidbits have merit. But the reformers protest that there are just too many such tidbits in the Senate's bill, pushed through by special interests with the political muscle to get the legislation they want. Such actions upset not only liberals but also conservatives like New York's James Buckley. The bill, complains Buckley, "constitutes the worst possible collection of tax preferences for the lobbied interests, while specifically excluding provisions which would have made life easier for those who make the system go, the taxpaying public."

The reformers also argue that the Senate's bill actually will lose money for the Treasury, enlarging the federal deficit, and creating more problems for the economy and the average taxpayer in the future. This view is contested by Louisiana's Russell Long, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee and the bill's architect. He argued last week that the bill would raise \$2 billion for the Treasury during the next fiscal year and \$3.3 billion five years hence, helped in part by provisions that would make it

Jobs: A Moving Target

The nation's unemployment rate took a disquieting jump in July, rising to 7.8% from 7.5% in June. The jobless figure, reported by the Commerce Department last week, is the highest since January and is certain to add new urgency to the growing unemployment issue in this year's presidential race.

The main cause of the July rise though 400,000 new jobs were created during the month, 700,000 job seekers, or about three times the normal number, entered the job market. The majority of new job seekers were adult females: their jobless rate went from 7.1% to 7.6%. The unemployment increase also reflected the tapering off of economic growth in recent months: joblessness among heads of households climbed to 5.4% from 5.1%. Nonetheless, Administration officials are still holding to their goal of reducing unemployment to 7% by the end of the year.

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

slightly more difficult for wealthy individuals to avoid paying taxes altogether.

But the evidence so far runs against Long. The Joint Committee on Internal Revenue Taxation, which provides technical information on tax legislation to both House and Senate, claimed at one point in the debate that if all the provisions in the Senate bill became law, the Treasury would gain only \$100 million in taxes in fiscal 1977. By 1978 it would lose \$900 million, and the loss would rise to \$2.8 billion by 1981. The biggest revenue losers would be some of the more politically popular items. Among them:

- Tax incentives aimed at energy conservation, including credits of up to \$225 for homeowners and others for installing insulation and storm windows. Estimated loss: \$259 million in 1977, \$375 million by 1981.

- Various reductions in estate taxes. Loss: \$1 billion by 1978, \$2 billion by 1981.

- A credit to parents of \$100 per student (rising to \$250 by 1980) against the cost of higher education. Loss: \$1.1 billion by 1981.

- Conversion of the current child-care deduction into a credit that can be used even by working parents who do not itemize deductions. Loss: \$346 million in 1977, \$483 million by 1981.

When the extension of the 1975 tax cut is added in, the revenue loss to the Government becomes \$17.2 billion next year and dips to \$15.5 billion by 1981, as provisions of the law are phased in. The largest part of such losses seems inevitable, both Congress and the White House favor sustaining the tax cut and are likely to have their way in an election year. If further debate on tax reform threatens extension of the tax cut—it is scheduled to expire at the end of September—lawmakers probably will do what they have done in the past: separate the tax cut extension from tax reform and pass it as a bill unto itself.

The next step, to be taken after next week's Republican National Convention, is for lawmakers to meet in a conference committee where they will attempt to reconcile the many differences between the Senate's new bill and the one already passed by the House. Speculation in Washington is that many of the Senate bill's provisions will not make it into the final version.

Even if that happens, however, the central question of genuine tax reform will remain. Critics say that reforms should result in fairness, efficiency and simplicity. But the traditional piecemeal approach seems to be, as Maine's Edmund Muskie noted during the Senate's debate, that "every good loophole deserves another." What may be emerging, nonetheless, is an encouraging feeling that the existing tax code simply cannot be revised to any significant extent—that the current system will have to be scrapped entirely and another one started from scratch.



LIKELY HEIRS TO HUGHES EMPIRE: GAY (LEFT) & LUMMIS

SEQUELS

Hanging Together

Even by the high-rolling standards of Las Vegas, it was a huge gamble. The players sat in a garishly decorated room alongside the Strip, pondering moves involving the highest sum ever played for in Nevada's green-felt gaming world. At stake: the Howard Hughes fortune, estimated at \$2.5 billion.

The players were potential rivals. On the one side were the old-line executives of the Summa Corp., to which Hughes had transferred most of his holdings after selling the Hughes Tool Co. in 1972. On the other was William Rice Lummis, 47, a Houston attorney, who is Hughes' cousin. He is the representative of a small handful of Hughes' heirs, most of whom had not even seen the eccentric recluse for 38 years prior to his death.

Each side had its hopes. The Summa triumvirate of Executive Vice President Frank William (Bill) Gay, 55, General Counsel Chester Davis, 66, and Nadine Henley, 69, Hughes' former administrative assistant, want to continue to run the empire. Under their plan, Hughes' assets would be transferred entirely to the tax-exempt Howard Hughes Medical Institute, and they, as trustees, would remain in command.

But Hughes left no authenticated will. Since his death, on April 5 in a jet ambulance over Texas, at least 36 purported Hughes wills have surfaced, but none of them appears to be genuine. Summa conducted a worldwide search but failed to turn up a signed document. The search did, however, yield an unsigned carbon of a 1954 will, written at the time Hughes set up the medical institute and transferred to it the ownership of Hughes Aircraft, then worth about \$250 million in net assets. The strategy of the Summa people seems to be to present this carbon copy to a probate court as the best available evidence of Hughes' intentions. The apparent aim is to block the legal offensive being prepared by Hughes' former aide Noah

Dietrich, with whom Hughes split in 1956. Dietrich was named executor of the Hughes estate in the so-called Mormon will that appeared in the Salt Lake City headquarters of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints last April, and he has vowed to prove the validity of the will in court.

If neither the Summa carbon nor the Mormon will is accepted by a court as authentic, Hughes' estate will be divided among his next of kin; the chief beneficiary would be Hughes' only surviving aunt, Mrs. Frederick Lummis, 85, a Houston widow who is William's mother. Even after taxes, the Lummises would probably collect about \$360 million apiece. Understandably, the family is eager to have Howard's last place of U.S. residence declared to be Nevada, since it has no state inheritance tax. Texas and California, which have such taxes, are claiming him.

Obviously, both the Hughes heirs and the Summa executives have decided they will be better off working together than squabbling over the empire. Their accommodation was preceded by a reconciliation between the maternal and paternal sides of the Hughes clan. At the Las Vegas meeting, William Lummis, who bears a striking resemblance to Hughes as a young man, was elected chairman of Summa. Lummis worked for years as a lawyer in the Houston firm of Andrews, Kurth, Campbell & Jones, which has handled Hughes family matters for half a century. Bill Gay was elected president, and the rest of the penthouse old guard retained titles in the executive hierarchy.

Old Man's Whim. Summa will need all the solidarity it can manage. The company faces a number of problems, including its only marginally successful casinos and a lawsuit involving Air West, the airline Hughes purchased in 1968. Most urgently, the company must convert itself from being an old man's whim into a real money-maker. If the Lummis-Summa ploy to escape inheritance taxes fails, the company will be forced to pay an estimated \$750 million to the Federal Government.

CORPORATIONS

Running Disney Walt's Way

When lung cancer killed Walt Elias Disney a decade ago, there were fears that the world of Disney would lose some of its wonder—and its profits. But before his own death in 1971, Roy Disney, who succeeded his younger brother, and a cadre of post-Walt executives had turned Walt Disney Productions into a thriving empire of fantasy. Today the company is bigger and richer than ever. Profits flow in from Disney's two successful theme parks, Disneyland in California and the magic kingdom at Walt Disney World in Florida, from film rentals and television, from re-releases of such longtime favorites as *Bambi*, *Pinochio* and *Fantasia*, and from sales of record albums. Mickey Mouse wristwatches and everything else bearing the Disney stamp.

Last year the various forms of escapism earned Disney nearly \$62 million on sales of \$520 million—four times the total in 1966 when Walt died. For the first nine months of its current fiscal year, Disney was flying higher than Dumbo the elephant. Corporate profits were up 30%, and sales rose 16%. More than 6 million people flocked to Disneyland (which turned 21 in July), another 9 million to Disney World. The fifth re-release of the animated *Snow White* and the *Seven Dwarfs*, which came out in 1937, will gross an estimated \$10 million in the U.S. alone by the end of this year.

Analysts' View. No one questions that Disney has come a long way since the studio gambled \$1.5 million on *Snow White*. But Wall Street analysts insist that the company should be doing even better and are hypersensitive to any developments that could remotely be considered adverse. Last month, for example, Disney stock fell several points (to around \$56, or more than 20 times earnings) because third-quarter earnings, though a record \$19 million, were not up to Wall Street's expectations. Says a Disney vice-president: "That's a source of irritation around here. They seem to run in a pack on the Street."

The founder's ideas still run the show almost everything Disney is now into was conceived of by Walt. "That's the way Walt would want it" is a refrain heard frequently in the stuco Disney headquarters in Burbank, Calif. The executive most responsible for sticking to Walt's winning formulas is E. Cardon Walker, 60, who joined Walt as a camera operator in the 1930s and has been Disney president since 1971. A tall, husky man whose use of profanity is limited to an occasional G-rated "damn," Card Walker occupies an unpretentious office on the Disney lot not far from Dopey Drive and Mickey Avenue. His only concessions to the Hollywood movie mogul image are tinted

glasses and a sleek gray Porsche (license plate CARWIN).

Walker believes that "the biggest challenge we face is still to make top-quality films," and film critics tend to agree. Though slick and successful, the recent crop of Disney animated and live-action films (*Gus*, *Treasure of Matecumbe*, *Robin Hood*) shows little of Walt's skill at tugging an audience over pop-emotional peaks and valleys. Nor do the forthcoming *The Rescuers* and *Pete's Dragon*. Indeed, not since *Mary Poppins* in 1964 has Disney produced a genuinely smashing, supercalifragilisticxpidious hit.

This fact troubles Walt's corporate heirs. Says Walker: "I don't know exactly what it is. We don't cut costs. Based on the quality of people involved in the film making, I would just have to say that we do our best." Others blame excessive reverence for the traditional Disney method of moviemaking, batteries of cartoonists working under a rigid discipline on a single project for as long as three years. Says one young artist-animator who worked briefly for Disney: "The work is too confining. There's not enough room to use your creative talents. It's sterile."

More and more, Disney is setting its animators to work on gusher movies that seize audiences instead of rocking them to sleep. One feature in the storyboard stage, *The Hero from Otherwhere*, is about two schoolboys who find themselves on a strange planet whose black leader persuades them to help destroy a wolf that has been ravaging the land. Another, *Spacecraft One*, about a mile-long spaceship in its search for life on other planets, is Disney's most elaborate

sci-fi undertaking since *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*. *The Black Cauldron*, still in the treatment-writing stages, is about a pig keeper's struggle with a villain whose shtick is regenerating an army of warriors from dead bodies—a long way from *Poppins*. Sex and excessive violence still are taboo on the Disney lot, but Walker foresees increased sophistication as younger animators reflect contemporary themes.

Non-film projects, however, account for three-fourths of Disney revenues and therefore generate the greatest excitement in the Disney organization. With Disneyland and Walt Disney World booming, the company is now moving on the biggest of Walt's ideas: EPCOT, or Experimental Prototype Community of Tomorrow. To be built by the early 1980s in Florida as an expansion of Disney World, EPCOT will be a living laboratory of applied technology in transportation, housing, communications and waste disposal. Near it will rise the World Showcase, a permanent World's Fair. Still another theme park, Oriental Disneyland, now planned to open late in 1979, will border Tokyo Bay in Japan; the Disney people expect it to draw 10 million visitors annually at the tourist hub of Asia. Estimated cost about \$175 million—most to be borne by the Japanese.

Double Duty. Whatever its problems, Disney has perfected one talent that other Hollywood fantasy factories envy: piggybacking. The familiar cartoon characters boost attendance at the theme parks, and the parks increase attendance at the movies. Though no one at Disney claims to be Walt's equal in artistry or dreaming, Card Walker has made Disney's characters do double duty as stars and as barkers to all the world. As a merchandising idea, it has proved to be almost as successful an inspiration as the original Mickey Mouse.



SCENES FROM NEW DISNEY MOVIES, *THE RESCUERS* (LEFT) & *PETE'S DRAGON*. Needed: a supercalifragilisticxpidious hit like *Mary Poppins*.

Profits: How Much Is Too Little?

Profit is today a fighting word. Profits are the lifeblood of the economic system, the magic elixir upon which progress and all good things ultimately depend. But one man's lifeblood is another man's cancer.

—Economist Paul A. Samuelson

And so it is. Profits are called by many names these days, many of them bad. *Obscene, exorbitant, excessive* are the leading pejoratives. By contrast, *nonprofit* has gained an altruistic, almost hallowed connotation. Psychologically, that prejudice may be understandable, but economically it makes no sense. Profits can, of course, be immoral—if they are exploitative, for example, or result from price-fixing schemes or monopolies. But most profits are not so earned. Instead, they are an essential and beneficial ingredient in the workings of a free-market economy.

Nobel Laureate Samuelson addressed his pugnacious remarks to a forum of European and U.S. business leaders and economists at Harvard earlier this year. At the invitation of Management Expert John Diebold, the leaders had gathered to discuss new challenges to the role of profits in Western economies. Almost without exception, the speakers testified to the pressures and pinches now afflicting the profit system. In some instances, most notably Sweden, Socialist governments are levying confiscatory taxes on corporate profits and insisting upon huge contributions to pension funds, which in turn are being used to buy up the companies. "fund Socialism" was the term Swedish Economist Erik Lundberg employed to describe the process. In Britain, the Labor Party's left wing continues to demand the nationalization of shipbuilding, aircraft production and banking—in disregard of the fact that most of Britain's already nationalized industries are chronic money losers whose inefficiencies are a major cause of the country's dismal economic plight. In West Germany, the unions still support the profit motive but are demanding a more decisive voice in how earnings are allocated between workers and shareholders.

In the U.S., attacks on profits are more rhetorical than real. No excess-profits tax has been levied on U.S. corporations since the Korean War. In fact, the regular federal tax on corporate profits has been lowered over the past three years from 52% to 48%. Hardly anyone questions the basic right of business to make *some* profit. The question has been, how much?

With the resurgence of corporate profits, that question is likely to be posed more often and more insistently. Opinion polls suggest that a majority of the public believes that corporations earn much more than they actually do, and favor higher taxes on profits. Hence, it would behoove Americans, too, to rid their minds of what Samuelson characterizes as the suspicion that profits are "an exploitative surplus which fat men with an unfair penchant for arithmetic skim from the gross national product."

Dark suspicion of profit is an ancient turn of mind. Within Western culture there are deeply ingrained philosophical and religious misgivings about the morality of profits—most simply put, that to earn from the labors of another is an intrinsically evil form of extortion. Michel de Montaigne, the 16th century French thinker, entitled one of his essays "The Profit of One Man Is the Damage of Another." His thesis: "Man should condemn all manner of gain."

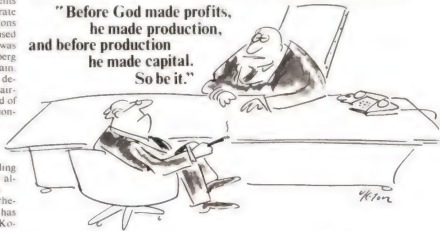
However, as the era of capitalism dawned two centuries ago, the profit motive found an able defender. In *The Wealth of Nations*, Adam Smith argued that profits are the legitimate return for risk and effort and that the "Invisible Hand" of market forces would convert private greed into public benefits. A century later, Karl Marx was not so sure. Arguing the opposite view, he asserted that labor, not capital, was the essential ingredient that

added value to goods or raw materials in the manufacturing process. Thus, in his view, profit was the "surplus value" that the capitalist unjustifiably tacked on to the real worth of the product. In the early part of the century, Bernard Shaw and his fellow Fabians contended that profits should be taxed into oblivion in order to create a new, socialist order. They believed that the profitless economy would function more effectively—and they were wrong. Since the onset of the Industrial Age 100 years ago, profits have proved to be indispensable to a prosperous economy.

In a capitalist economy, profit is, above all, the motivator. Without a hope of reasonable profit, no one would start a business, introduce a new product or service, or even continue producing an old one. And without the reality of profit, no business in the long run can keep itself alive—except by government subsidy, which has to be paid partly out of taxes levied on the profits of other businesses. Says Democratic Senator William Proxmire of Wisconsin, often a critic of U.S. business: "Profits are what drive this great economy."

There are, of course, other ways of organizing production. Communist nations manage to achieve growth by following detailed output and investment plans drawn up and enforced by a state central planning agency. But the state-owned economies in

"Before God made profits,
he made production,
and before production
he made capital.
So be it."



Communist countries are almost always disjointed by bureaucratic stupidity. The most frequently cited example is agriculture. It is true that the Soviet Union suffers from natural handicaps, including bad weather and arid soil. Even so, the basic problem is its communal farming system, which fails to provide the farmers with sufficient motivation. The dismal results are well known: Moscow must buy huge tonnages of grain from the profit-seeking farmers of the U.S.

Profit is also important as a measure of efficiency in industrial enterprises—a way of keeping economic score. Whether a business is well or badly run, whether investments are productive or misguided, whether the products are competitive and appealing—judging performance without reference to profits is like watching a baseball game where nobody bothers to count runs. Again, the Soviet experience has demonstrated the efficacy of profits. For years a Soviet factory manager fulfilled his quota under the central plan by turning out a certain amount of goods regardless of expense or popular demand. But now, in order to improve quality and control costs, most Soviet-bloc countries have set up managerial systems that rely heavily on profits—though they are called, of course, by other names.

Whatever their role in the Soviet-bloc economies, profits are essential to the smooth functioning of American society. Government services, from the federal to local level, rely crucially on corporate income and property taxes. U.S. corporations paid \$40.6 billion in federal income taxes last year and an estimated

\$6.6 billion to state and local governments. For Washington, a decline in corporate profits would immediately cause a larger budget deficit. For state and local administrations, money-losing companies can mean reductions of public services, ranging from dirty streets due to a lack of funds for sanitation men to layoffs of teachers.

The profits that are left after taxes are either paid out as dividends to stockholders (\$32.1 billion in 1975) or reinvested in the business (\$33.2 billion). Most of those profits that are turned into dividend checks are then taxed a second time, as income, when they reach the shareholders' mailboxes—an excess that Democratic Presidential Candidate Jimmy Carter says he disapproves of.

There is an old myth, which should have been laid to rest decades ago, that dividends flow mainly into the pockets of wealthy individuals. Actually, there has been a historic if little heralded shift in the pattern of share ownership. In terms of dollar value, nearly half of all corporate shares these days are owned by institutions such as pension funds, insurance companies, college endowments, even churches. Without even realizing it, millions of Americans rely on corporate strength for their own future security. The assurance of a retirement income, the soundness of an insurance policy, the availability of a college scholarship—all may well depend heavily on the continued profitability of U.S. corporations.

As for retained earnings, they are a prime source of the investments in new plant and machinery that increase production, improve product quality and create jobs. Aggressive and innovative companies often retain high percentages of their profits for expansion. One example: Levi Strauss & Co., whose jeans clothe the world. The company, a large share of whose stock is owned by the Haas family, generally retains nearly 90% of its profits for reinvestment, like the recent opening of a new factory in the little town of Roswell, N. Mex. The plant created 350 new jobs, each at a cost to the company of \$17,000.

Other companies may choose to borrow the money for expansion. But even then the investment depends on profit, since lenders will not advance expansion funds to a company that has little prospect of earning money. In the long run, an absence of profit means that a company cannot buy the plant and equipment it needs to remain competitive. The ultimate losers are the workers. Or, in the words of an unexpected defender of the profit system, British Labor Party Prime Minister James Callaghan: "If there are no profits, there will be no jobs."

Why, then, the widespread suspicion of profits? In the U.S., the biggest reason is probably a wild misunderstanding of just how much profit corporations actually make. In one poll conducted by the Opinion Research Corp. of Princeton, N.J., a majority of those questioned thought that companies averaged 33¢ profit on each dollar of sales. A sampling of college students by Standard & Poor's yielded an even higher estimate: 45¢. The actual figure is below 5¢—and the overall trend has been downward. According to a FORTUNE survey, the 1975 median profit margin of the nation's 500 largest industrial corporations shrank to 3.9% of sales. That was the thinnest margin in 17 years.

In 1976, it is true, profits are climbing back. But over the long run, an ever increasing percentage of national income has been shifting away from profits toward wages and salaries. In 1950, 64.1% of corporations' domestic income was used to pay wages, salaries and fringe benefits, while profits comprised 15.6%; by 1975 the share of wages and salaries had risen to 76%, while profits had fallen to only 8.3%.

Today profits, far from being too high,



so limited that they could create bottlenecks that would impede the U.S. from cutting its unemployment rate much below 6% in the immediate future. Such a high jobless level means increasing welfare rolls and social unrest.

The forecasts of capital requirements for the next decade, however, are stated in figures that are almost incomprehensibly huge, the estimates range up to \$4 trillion for the new plants that will be needed to bring the U.S. nearer to becoming a fully employed society. But investment capital on that scale will certainly not be available unless there is a strong and sustained rise in profits that carries well beyond 1976.

Despite general agreement about the need for tremendous amounts of new capital, there is no consensus about how the money should be raised. Liberal economists generally favor more generous individual tax cuts and an ever growing money supply to stimulate consumer buying, which in turn creates heightened economic activity. Conservative economists, on the other hand, argue that there has been too much emphasis on consumption and not enough on accumulation. They would prefer federal policies that would enable companies to keep more of their earnings either through higher depreciation allowances for the purchase of new equipment or a further lowering of the corporate tax rate. Ideally, there should be a mix of both approaches so that the consumer, as well as the investment sectors of the economy, would remain healthy.

Given the confusion over profits, it is questionable whether the U.S. can actually arrive at such a solution. While there is a need for greater understanding about the beneficial role of profits, there is also a need for clearer reporting of corporate income. As Management Expert Peter Drucker has pointed out, the three main measures used by corporations today—gross and net income plus earnings per share—are far too superficial. A much more analytical system is required that would relate the firm's performance to more telling indicators, such as the return on invested capital, competitive strength, the company's historical earnings trend, and relation of research expenditures to the development of new products.

Equally bad, under the present system, earnings are compared only with the preceding quarter—or year. This leads to wild gyrations in the loss and gain columns. The profit may be up 75% from a year ago, but then, a year ago may have been miserable. These swings are, humanly enough, magnified by corporate officers, who pooh-pooh losses while boasting about profit increases in hyperbolic press releases. The press then magnifies the problem by often reporting profits in language more appropriate to space shots or sporting events: profits leap, soar, skyrocket—or plunge, plummet, nosedive.

It is time for a more sober analysis of profits and their importance as the engine of economic growth. It is a historic irony that in the U.S., the stronghold of world capitalism, so few citizens understand that profits provide the basis for the prosperity on which rests the well-being of both individuals and the nation.

David B. Tinnin





DARTMOUTH PROFESSOR JOHN RASSIAS

Dynamiting Language

Since the late '60s, college students' interest in studying foreign languages has declined almost as much as campus protests. According to the Modern Language Association, registration in French courses, for instance, dropped from a high of 388,000 in 1968 to 253,000 in 1974-75. At Dartmouth College in Hanover, N.H., however, enrollment in advance-level French courses has risen to 1,100 (from 500) in the past decade; and other languages, such as Spanish and German, have also become increasingly popular. Moreover, tests given to students at 200 colleges show that first-year language students at Dartmouth are more fluent after only 20 to 30 weeks of instruction than nine out of ten language majors elsewhere are at graduation.

In large part, language study is thriving at Dartmouth because of the ebullient personality and unique teaching

method of John Rassias, professor of Romance languages and literature. A University of Bridgeport graduate, Rassias, 50, first developed his system when he went to Dartmouth in 1965 to teach a crash course for Peace Corps volunteers heading for French-speaking areas of West Africa. Staying on to teach Dartmouth undergraduates, Rassias used his crash method for both French and Greek.

Today eight languages are taught at Dartmouth using his "Intensive Language Model," a combination of "total immersion" techniques used in language schools such as Berlitz and solid structural underpinnings. Rassias' aim: to start students talking in a new language within minutes after the first class begins and to keep them "communicating" at a rapid rate—never mind, at first, accent, vocabulary or minor mistakes in grammar. Each first-year course requires two hours of class drill a day plus four hours a week of traditional lab work.

No Inhibitions. Often Rassias himself teaches beginners their first daily class, which consists of about 25 students. They are immediately taught to engage in very short conversations about events such as going to a train station. The professor then moves rapidly around the class, bending down close to one student, whirling and pointing to another as he fires questions. Or, after a student memorizes a Rassias-written "microlog," a one-minute monologue that explains how to do something, like make a crêpe, the professor quickly asks: "What are the ingredients? How long does it cook?"

During the second hour, smaller groups of students are drilled in the same lesson by apprentice teachers (juniors or seniors). With about as many routines as Henny Youngman—and his speed to boot—the apprentice whizzes around the class getting students to repeat what they have learned. The pace demands that each student make 65 responses an hour. Drills include imaginary telephone conversations, mock press conferences with "visiting dignitaries" and a wide variety of word games. The apprentice teacher, in effect, acts as a living language lab, snapping his fingers at each student for responses Rassias' instructions. "Never let your students forget that you are ecstatic when they do well and confounded when they don't."

After only ten weeks of instruction, the students go abroad for ten weeks to live with foreign families. They continue their intensive study—this time with more conventional teaching of grammar—under the supervision of an American professor. Indeed, as Rassias explained to *TIME* Correspondent David Wood, getting students overseas is a major goal of the program. "We're

gonna take these kids and dynamite some raw language into them," he said with typical gusto. "Then they're gonna blast out of here and smash into France, and they're gonna destroy everybody with how well they talk."

The course ends back at Hanover with an optional ten-week literature survey, which most students choose to take. Throughout, Rassias insists that professors and apprentice teachers alike create a classroom situation that dispels inhibitions and keeps students excited about learning. Says he, "I ban from the classroom any teacher who is not 'alive.' A teacher of language should be in total command of the language, but he should also be a firebrand and an actor." That perfectly describes Rassias himself. For an upper-class lecture on the 18th century French philosopher Diderot, Rassias shows up in class in a blond wig, breeches and billowing shirt and proceeds to act out the emotional states that Diderot argued are unique to man. Rage, for instance, is depicted by heaving a chair across the room. Says Rassias: "If you want to teach, you have to be willing to walk out of class exhausted."

Students of the method tend to talk about it like converts to Christ. "It changed my life," says Junior Blanche Jones. "I came here to study chemistry. Now I'm thinking about teaching Spanish." Explains Junior Annie McLane: "The whole thing is, go ahead, make mistakes, but at least you're speaking. It builds your confidence."

Last spring the Exxon Education Foundation deemed the Rassias method an "educational innovation of demonstrated merit," made a film of Rassias in action, and sent out word about it to 2,500 college presidents and deans. According to Rassias, some adaptation of his drills could be used for any kind of class. "Hell," says he, "we should be using this method to teach English to English-speaking people. It makes them better communicators in any language."

FORMER U.S. EDUCATION COMMISSIONER TERREL



Parting Words

After two years as U.S. Commissioner of Education, Terrel H. Bell, 54, stepped down from the top spot in American public education last week. A straight-talking Mormon and ex-Marine first sergeant, Bell is going on to a better paid position as commissioner of higher education in Utah (TIME, May 3). Some excerpts from a recent interview with Bell conducted by TIME Washington Correspondent Don Sider:

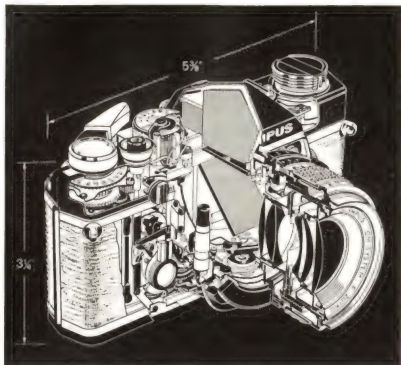
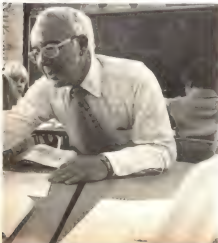
SCHOOL FINANCING. The biggest problem in the American public school system is an ancient school-financing program that depends upon property taxes. The difference between one district's tax evaluation per pupil and another's causes an enormous amount of inequity. I would favor equalizing property taxes with state appropriations, usually coming from sales or income taxes, as Texas, California and New Jersey, for example, are finally starting to do.

BUSING. If you say that racial isolation is bad for schools—and I have to say that—and if blacks live on one side of town and whites on the other, it is hard to find another solution. The only one I can see is to take a look at the typical city school district and suburban boundaries and try to reorganize them.

THE COURTS. They have gone too far. Federal Judge Arthur Garrity is sitting in Boston making decisions that the court ought not to make. He has just taken over. But I also worry about the pendulum's swinging the other way, the Supreme Court's repealing *Brown v. Board of Education*, for instance.

THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT'S ROLE. Its responsibility ought to be to correct the gross national deficiencies in education. We ought to target our resources to try to beef up those areas where there are deficiencies. We've got to spend more money on the inner city. We are the only industrialized nation not to have elevated education to a level where a chief of state has an equivalent to a ministry of education: we ought to have a department of education.

BELL VISITS KINDERGARTEN CLASS



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BUJOLD IN OBSESSION

Double Jeopardy

OBSESSION

Directed by BRIAN DE PALMA
Screenplay by PAUL SCHRADER

They are discovered waltzing: Michael and Elizabeth Courtland, all wreathed in elegance, surrounded by admiring friends, a beautiful and blessed couple celebrating their tenth wedding anniversary. When the party is over they make their way upstairs, where their lovemaking seems certain to be as tastefully romantic as their party.

But there is a cry from their daughter's room. Elizabeth (Genevieve Bujold) goes to investigate and is absent too long. Michael (Cliff Robertson) follows to find his life suddenly shattered—wife and child kidnapped and a note demanding a huge ransom pinned to the bed. At times he is desperate, then hopeful. The police enlist his aid in a plot to outwit the kidnapers, assuring him that official expertise is a better guarantee of his family's safety than his fortune.

The police are wrong: the victims are apparently killed in the rescue attempt. For 15 years Michael is obsessed by guilt over his mistake in judgment, which renders him little better than a murderer in his own eyes.

Restoration Work. Then, on a business trip to Florence, he revisits the church where he first met his wife and, perched on a scaffolding at work on the restoration of a sacred painting, is her double (also played by Genevieve Bujold). He pursues her, brings her home to marry—and then she too is kidnapped in circumstances that precisely duplicate those of the first crime. There is even a message clipped to the post of the same bed, a photo of the original ransom note torn from an old newspaper.

Of course something more than chance is at work here. But the links between the two women in Courtland's life, and the two crimes against them, cannot be revealed without destroying the film's suspense.

What can be said is that Brian de Palma has made an exquisite entertainment that sends one back to Hitchcock.

the masterly *Vertigo* in particular, for comparison. *Obsession* is a triumph of style over substance. Vilmos Zsigmond's camera, constantly on the move with a sinuous grace, is romantic in a manner seldom seen now in the movies. The late Bernard Herrmann's score, like the many he did for Hitchcock and Welles, is an instrument of flight, lifting the viewer up and over such resistance as he may have to the movie's patent improbability.

The film also throws into high melodramatic relief certain recognizable human truths: the shock of sudden loss, the panic of the effort to recoup, the mourning and guilt that blind the protagonist to a multitude of suspicious signs as he seeks expiation and a chance to relive his life. In a sense, the movie offers viewers the opportunity to do the same thing—by going back to a more romantic era of the cinema and the simple, touching pleasures denied the audience by the current antiromantic spirit of the movies.

Richard Schickel

Battle of Britain

ALPHA BETA

Directed by ANTHONY PAGE
Screenplay by E.A. WHITEHEAD

In Liverpool, in a house on Highgate Avenue, Frank and Nora Elliott pick at each other like vultures who cannot wait for death to sate their appetites. They tear away while the flesh is still warm.

Alpha Beta covers a decade in the Elliotts' marriage, starting in the early 1960s on the day of Frank's 29th birthday and ending after their separation.

MILESTONES

Died. Gregor Piatigorsky, 73, Russian-born cello virtuoso; after a long illness; in Los Angeles. First cellist of Moscow's Imperial Theater at 14, Piatigorsky moved to the U.S. and made his debut with the New York Philharmonic in 1929. After 1962 he taught at the University of Southern California along with his friend Jascha Heifetz. An enormous man with huge hands, Piatigorsky was a master of the sweeping line and romantic phrasing. A performer, he said, must constantly strive "to make the music as good as it really is."

Died. Monroe Jackson Rathbone, 76, former president, board chairman and chief executive officer of Standard Oil Co. of N.J. (now Exxon Corp.) from 1954 to 1965, of a heart attack; in Baton Rouge, La. Big, bald "Mr. Jack," whose great-uncle was General Thomas ("Stonewall") Jackson, began his 44-year career with Standard Oil as a chem-

ical engineer. He made "Jersey," as he called it, the most international of the oil companies and raised its profits to over \$1 billion in 1964.

Died. Lord Thomson of Fleet, 82, international press czar: a month after suffering a stroke; in London. A debt-plagued salesman in rural Ontario during the Depression, Roy Herbert Thomson floated a loan to set up a small radio station, then acquired a struggling newspaper, the Timmins (Ont.) *Press*. From this slender base he built one of the world's largest press and broadcasting empires: more than 140 newspapers and dozens of magazines, TV and radio stations, mostly in Canada, the U.S. and Britain. In London, which became his base of operations in the 1950s, he picked up a powerful group of Fleet Street papers including, in 1966, the prestigious *Times* of London. A certified "press lord" long before he was made a

baron of the realm in 1964, Thomson was never a journalist. "I buy newspapers to make money to buy more newspapers to make more money," he once said. "As for editorial content, that's the stuff you separate the ads with."

Died. Fritz Lang, 85, Viennese-born film director of early German suspense thrillers (*Dr. Mabuse, The Gambler*, *M*) and Hollywood melodramas (*Fury*); after a long illness; in Los Angeles. A tall, terse perfectionist, Lang was "profoundly fascinated by cruelty, fear, horror and death." *M*, for example, was a horrifying study of a compulsive child murderer. When his next film, *The Last Will of Dr. Mabuse* (1932), was banned by the Third Reich, Lang fled to Hollywood, where he spent 20 highly successful years working with stars like Spencer Tracy and Henry Fonda in a variety of social melodramas, westerns and thrillers.

CINEMA

with Nora first threatening, then re-treating from suicide. *Alpha Beta* was originally a successful play by Scenarist Whitehead, and its three episodes still seem very much like short, jagged acts. The whole feeling of this small, stormy movie is enclosed, constricted. No effort has been made to enlarge the action of the play, but the theatrical qualities of the writing are not emphasized either. Director Anthony Page stages most of the action in the Elliot living room, usually having it photographed with a hand-held camera so that *Alpha Beta* has the look of some wrenchingly intimate *verité* documentary.

Ritual Slaughter. What is wrong here—very wrong—is the dreary familiarity of the theme, the reworking, still again, of English working-class desperation, the sour brutality of the language, which often sounds too toplofty and aph-



ALBERT FINNEY IN *ALPHA BETA*
Sour brutality.

oristic for the people speaking it ("I'm an apostolic alcoholic... Marriage is one of the few surviving forms of ritual slaughter").

The cast consists, in its entirety, of the original London stage company. Rachel Roberts, an actress of daunting strength, who works hard to give Nora some of the sympathetic understanding the author neglected, and Albert Finney, a prodigious actor who is masterly at containing and then peering out his power. His Frank is a creation of fierce bluster and desperate anger. Even while he is railing, Finney can convey—in the sidelong unease of a glance, a little twitch of uncertain anxiety—the small, sabotaging currents of helplessness and terror.

Jay Cocks

Sink or Swim

LIFEGUARD

Directed by DANIEL PETRIE
Screenplay by RON KOSLOW

Modestly ambitious, *Lifeguard* concerns the folkways and seductions of the California beach life. It means to be funny and a little sad, but Director Daniel Petrie (*Buster and Billies*) and Writer Ron Koslow share a point of

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*Av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has
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5 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

CINEMA

view that slides and shifts like the tide. Their hero is a lifeguard named Rick (Sam Elliott), a 32-year-old beach veteran who gets most of what he requires out of life by patrolling along the water's edge. When Rick thinks he may want a little more than fresh air, sunshine, the chance to meet a few new girls and to save a life now and then, a pal helps him to find a job selling Porsches. Rick will finish out this last season on the beach and then start peddling fast cars to the upwardly mobile even as he enlists in their ranks.

Rick has doubts about his new ambitions, which not even the renewed in-



SAM ELLIOTT IN *LIFEGUARD*
Brooding in the sun.

terest of a high school girl friend (Anne Archer) can resolve. He passes a great deal of time brooding in the sun, pulling swimmers out of the water and keeping order on the sands while he ponders the values in his life.

His surfside ruminations make pretty thin material for a movie, but the real problem with *Lifeguard* is that Petrie and Koslow do not know what to think; much less what to make of Rick's dilemma. It seems as if they are trying to do a little pencil portrait of fear and failure, but their hero's soft-headedness is contagious. Rick's final decision, which is to be a success on his own suffocatingly modest terms, is conveyed with a hint of melancholy but more than a suggestion of approval. *Lifeguard* is winningly acted—by Elliott and, especially, by Archer and Kathleen Quinlan, who appears as an infatuated teen-ager—but the people who put it all together may, like their hero, have spent a little too much time in the sun.

J.C.

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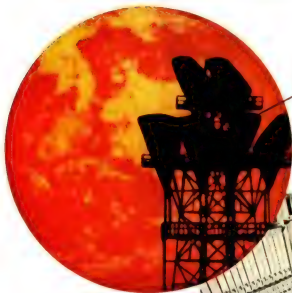
*LUCKY 100's "tar" 5 mg., nicotine 0.5 mg.
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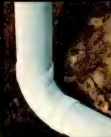
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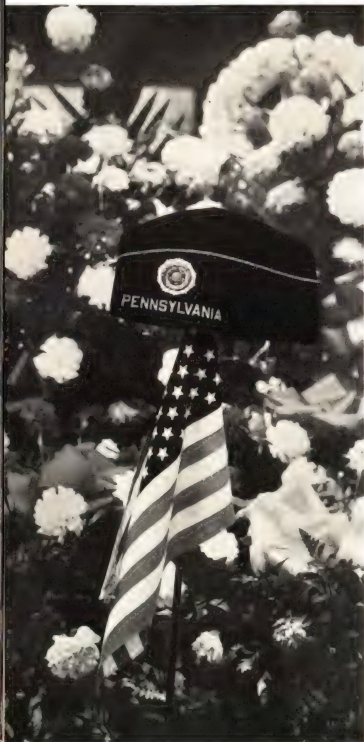
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COVER STORY

THE PHILADELPHIA KILLER



Retired Air Force Captain Ray Brennan, 61, a tall, graying man who loved to collect seashells, had been having heart trouble for some years. But he was the bookkeeper of American Legion Post #42 in Towanda, Pa., and, as his sister Maize Travis said, "All he lived for was these conventions." So Brennan set off for Philadelphia last month to attend a state Legion convention—an affair traditionally devoted to parading and merrymaking. He came home "tired," his sister recalled, and three days later he had chest pains, a fever and difficulty in breathing. "He didn't want to go to the hospital," said Mrs. Travis. "We had to fight him all the way." That very night, with his lungs filling with a bloody froth, Brennan died of an apparent heart attack.

That was on July 27, and Brennan was the first. Three days later, in Clearfield, Pa., Legionnaire Frank Aveni, 60, died in much the same way. And so did three other Pennsylvania veterans. On Sunday, Aug. 1, there were six more, ranging in age from 39 to 82, scattered in towns all around the state. All of them had attended the Legion convention that was held in Philadelphia from July 21 to 24, and all had the same signs and symptoms—headaches, chest pains, high fevers and lung congestion.

The first person to see a pattern in the outbreak of illness seems to have been Dr. Ernest Campbell, a physician in Bloomsburg, Pa., who noticed that three patients with the same symptoms had been to a convention together. He called health authorities to arrange for tests but was told that the state laboratory was closed for the weekend.

On Saturday, July 31, the Legion's state adjutant, Edward Hoak, 52, learned that eight Legionnaires had developed chest pains and fevers in the week since the convention and that a ninth had died. The bad news soon grew from a trickle to a torrent. Next day a note from his secretary informed him that another Legionnaire had died; a colleague telephoned to report yet another death. Calls to other Legion officials turned up still more conventiongoers in hospitals.

Hoak went to bed that Sunday night without reaching state health authorities. On Monday morning, they called him. Having heard that several Legionnaires had entered a Williamsport hospital with symptoms of something that soon came to be known as "Legion Disease," an official in the state's division of communicable diseases asked Hoak if he was aware of an unusual number of illnesses among his colleagues. Hoak's reply confirmed the worst: there was an invisible, impersonal mass killer on the loose. The knowledge rekindled, despite all the advances of modern medicine, humanity's ancient memories of epidemics beyond understanding or control. Even as the first waves of shock and fear began to spread through Pennsylvania and beyond, the search for the killer began in one of the most intensive efforts at medical sleuthing ever undertaken in the U.S.

Now that the alert had been sounded, the case files quickly swelled. Within the week, more than 130 people, mostly men, had been stricken and hospitalized, and 25 had died. Each fresh report fueled the nation's anxiety, producing pan-

icky calls to doctors and hospitals across the U.S. from people who developed any of the reported and not uncommon symptoms. For those relatively few who encountered the real thing, it was, as Richard Dolan of Williamsport, Pa., said, "unbelievable." His cousin, Jimmy Dolan, 39, became ill at the convention and died a week later. "It just has everybody stunned. Fellows your age, your friends, are dead. I never expected anything so sudden."

Nor did any of the 2,000 Pennsylvania Legionnaires who gathered in Philadelphia with friends and relatives for their convention. Staying in half a dozen different hotels, eating in various restaurants all over town, they listened to speeches, met old buddies and reminisced about their military experiences. "It was just like any other Legion convention," recalls Joe Chase of Philadelphia. "We were drinking, dancing, voting, having a good time. And now this horror."

The horror struck swiftly—and, it seemed, impartially. It claimed Charles Seidel, 82, a World War I veteran from Reading. People in Williamstown, an Appalachian town of clapboard houses, were stunned by the death of John Bryant Ralph, 41, a former newspaper publisher, horn player, baseball fan and one of the community's most popular citizens. Some avoided the funeral out of fear of contagion, but many others came to pay their last respects and watch sadly as Dolan, who had already attended his cousin's funeral the day before, presented the flag to Ralph's mother, Mildred Ralph. "It's terrible," said Betty Maliek, 54, a friend, as she watched cemetery workers cover the grave. "The way they fought for their country and then had to lose their lives to something they didn't even know the cause of."

The fear was heightened with the report of the death of Andrew Hornack, 47, of Monessen, Pa. Hornack, a bus driver, did not attend the convention. All he did was drive the Keystone Cadet Junior Drum and Bugle Corps to Philadelphia for a parade the day before the convention closed. By the middle of the following week, he had come down with the disease. After a few days his condition worsened, and his mother insisted on taking him to the hospital, where he died. That event worried all the families of the children who had ridden Hornack's bus to Philadelphia. Said Mrs. Gertrude Tretter, a parent of one of the band members, who had acted as a chaperone on the trip: "It's really quite scary."

More reports, fresh *frissons*: a New Jersey truck driver, Richard Wells of Turnersville, was hospitalized with severe fever and other symptoms of the unknown illness, so was Aldo Provenzano, 46, of Cherry Hill, N.J. Wells had delivered food to one of the hotels where Legionnaires stayed during the convention. Provenzano works in Philadelphia and had lunch in at least one restaurant patronized by Legionnaires. A New York State couple who attended the convention had to be hospitalized. A hot line set up by Philadelphia city officials to handle requests for information logged up to 400 calls an hour. A few people canceled vacation plans and the Legion called off an excursion that was supposed to bring 600 boys and girls to the city.

Then, as mysteriously as it began, the outbreak seemed to level off. There were no instances of victims passing on the illness to their families and friends, and so the first terrible fears of a rampaging epidemic began to dissipate. The disease seemed to spare completely the large 41st International Eucharistic Congress of Catholics in Philadelphia last week (see RELIGION). But the mystery of what caused the Legion deaths remained to be solved, and until it was, no one could be sure the killer might not just as suddenly revive, reappear and strike in force again.

In an effort to track down the Philadelphia killer, some 150 federal and state disease detectives—physicians, biologists, chemists—set to work in Pennsylvania in a massive microbe hunt that resembled a police dragnet. Working round the clock, state officials turned an office in Harrisburg into a sort of "war room." One wall of the makeshift headquarters was covered with a map pierced with colored pins tracing the outbreak of Legionnaires' disease—red pins for deaths, yel-



VICTIMS JOHN RALPH (2ND FROM RIGHT), JIMMY DOLAN (RIGHT)
"Fellows your age, your friends, are dead."

low ones for reported illness. At several desks, shirt-sleeved workers transferred information onto large sheets of graph paper. At others, workers telephoned the state's more than 300 hospitals, trying to determine the exact number of victims and the exact circumstances surrounding each case.

As in most disease detection, much of the work is being done in the laboratory. Samples of tissues, fluids and waste have been obtained from the bodies of those who have died from the disease as well as those who appear to be surviving it. Some are being analyzed at state laboratories in Philadelphia; others have been sent to the U.S. Public Health Service's Center for Disease Control in Atlanta, where researchers are performing a series of sophisticated tests to try to isolate and identify the disease agent (see box page 68).

Like police work, most medical sleuthing is done in the field by the "shoe leather" epidemiologists, some from the state's public health service, others from the CDC. They crisscrossed the state to interrogate every one of the stricken Legionnaires and the families and friends of the deceased. Their quest: a common denominator, a set of experiences that would link all the victims, such as meals taken together, rooms in the same hotel, exposure to similar contamination. Their method: careful questioning and cross-referencing.

"Hello, I'm part of the medical team investigating this weird disease," said Dr. Stephen Thacker, 28, as he sat down beside Thomas Payne's bed in Chambersburg Hospital. "How do you feel? When did you first feel sick? Where did you eat and stay in Philadelphia? When did you arrive there? When did you leave? Did you go to the testimonial dinner? Or the go-getter's breakfast? Did you go to the hospitality rooms for the

PENNSYLVANIA SCIENTISTS PREPARE TO TEST SAMPLES



MEDICINE

state commander or other officials? Did you have any contact with pigs?"

In some ways the detectives' legwork raised more questions than it answered. A check of the hotels at which the conventioners had stayed revealed no outbreak of the mysterious illness among employees who had come in contact with the Legionnaires. The investigators could find no evidence that any of the victims had been exposed to pigs, which have been implicated as the animal reservoir for the swine-flu virus. Nor could the disease detectives explain another apparent contradiction: why some people developed the disease, while others, who ate the same meals, drank the same drinks or shared their rooms during the convention, did not. "This is an amazing disease," said Dr. Robert Gens, director of Pennsylvania's bureau for adult health services. "People dying quickly of interstitial pneumonia is really amazing."

The failure of the interviewers to find the answer put the main burden on the scientific sleuths working in state and federal laboratories. Their task involved a painstaking process of elimination, in which known disease agents were sought, and, if absent, exonerated.

One of the first suspects to be screened—because potentially most worrisome on a national scale—was swine flu, a seemingly virulent form of influenza that first surfaced last winter at Fort Dix, N.J., where it infected about a dozen soldiers and killed one. Swine flu may also be related to the flu that killed over half a million Americans in 1918-19 (see box). Some felt that the rapid onset of the Legionnaires' disease

was typical of flu. Others thought that the appearance of a condition similar to viral pneumonia, which can also be a result of influenza, was a convincing clue.

To determine if influenza was the killer, the researchers took solutions made from tissues taken from disease victims and injected them into three kinds of cultures—chick embryos, human and monkey cells, and live mice. The viruses would indicate their presence by killing the living cells and by killing or infecting the mice. They would reveal their existence in the chicks indirectly. Fluid from the infected chick eggs was mixed with samples of normal animal blood to see if the embryonic cells would agglutinate, or "clump" together; if they did, it would mean that a virus was present.

Some doctors hoped, in a way, that the tests would show that the villain was indeed an influenza virus, since at least some vaccines against flu were already available for use. But it was not to be so simple a case. After reviewing the results of their first set of tests, scientists ruled out swine flu or any flu as a suspect.

Another early suspect was ornithosis, a disease transmitted through bird droppings and direct handling of infected birds. "The picture in Philadelphia fits ornithosis like a glove," said Dr. Pascal Imperato, chief epidemiologist of the New York City health department. "The symptoms, the fact that this is obviously a common-source outbreak, the fact that there has been no secondary spread of the disease. All these point to ornithosis above all else, and ornithosis is very hard

PLAGUES OF THE PAST

Until such bold adventurers as Verazano and Hudson penetrated its unpolluted waters, North America enjoyed extraordinary freedom from epidemics. In pre-Columbian times there had been no plague (Black Death), cholera, yellow fever, malaria, typhoid, tuberculosis, diphtheria or even measles.

The pioneer immigrants brought their foul European diseases with them. Aboard their ships, filthy water and human and animal wastes sloshed around in the bilges for a month or more. Men and women who were healthy when they left Europe were sick when they landed

—not only from malnutrition but also from infections picked up at sea. Some, such as smallpox, malaria and measles, proved effective biological-warfare weapons, ravaging the Indians, who had no immunity against them. But most of the disease-causing microbes of the Old World took readily to the fertile soil of the New World, and so did the insects and vermin that carry them. The result: for fully three centuries, North America was scourged by deadly epidemics.

By 1674, John Josselyn wrote of the Massachusetts settlements: "The Diseases that the English are afflicted with,

are the same that they have in England, with some proper to New-England, gripping of the belly (accompanied with Feaver and Ague) which turns to the bloody-flux, a common disease in the Country, which together with the small pox hath carried away abundance of their children." This same Josselyn attributed to the Indians "the great pox" (syphilis), consumption of the lungs, the King's Evil (scrofula) and falling sickness—all of which happened to be imports from the Old World.

The U.S. enjoyed miraculously long immunity from the dreaded plague that used to sweep Europe. It was not until June 27, 1899, that the S.S. *Nippon Maru* reached San Francisco, carrying, among other things, eleven Japanese stowaways. Two were found drowned, and infected by the plague. Early in 1900 a Chinese immigrant, found dead, was also shown to have had plague. The resulting political furor was reminiscent of the Middle Ages, with the Governor of California insisting that there was no problem and federal authorities demanding stern measures for quarantine, isolation, disinfection and rat extermination. It took almost ten years of squabbling and litigation before all plague-carrying rats were destroyed and the disease suppressed. The last U.S. epidemic of classic bubonic plague struck Los Angeles in 1924, causing 30 deaths. But the wild rodents of the Western states also carry fleas that in turn carry plague bacilli. In 1975 there were 20 reported cases of this "sylvatic" plague.

The most savage of all epidemics in the world since the Black Death, and by far the most lethal in the history of the

SEATTLE POLICEMEN DURING INFLUENZA PANDEMIC, 1918-19



to isolate." An Allentown, Pa., physician, Dr. Gary Lattimer, tended to agree. Assuming that the disease fitted this diagnosis, he treated three of his patients with the antibiotic tetracycline, which combats a number of illnesses, and reported that all were improving.

This hypothesis, however, also failed to test out. CDC researchers screened the tissues for evidence of antibodies to bird-carried viruses. The results were negative. CDC tests found no indication of either plague or typhoid fever. So the search went on into more exotic terrain. Tests also ruled out tularemia (rabbit fever), a deadly tropical disease known as Lassa fever, and Marburg disease, a viral disease from Africa. Further screening seemed to dismiss fungi as a suspect; no fungus is known to produce the fatally fulminating pneumonia typical of Legion disease.

Each possibility dismissed narrowed the track. By week's end Dr. Leonard Bachman, Pennsylvania's secretary of health, suspected that some unidentified natural toxin could have been responsible for the outbreak, and the CDC tended to agree. Using this suspicion as a hypothesis, epidemiologists are now taking another look at the restaurants in which the Legionnaires ate and the hotels in which they stayed, and are studying environmental conditions to determine if they might have played a role in the disease. They are investigating the possibility that the conventiongoers were exposed to some kind of poisonous substance during their stay.

Whatever killed the Legionnaires, the disease detectives

concede, may, in the end, prove impossible to detect. "There's an outside chance we may never find out the cause," said CDC Director David Sencer. "I think we will. But there are times when disease baffles us all. It may be a sporadic, a one-time appearance."

Whatever the solution—or the lack of one—to the mystery of the Philadelphia killer, the outbreak served as a jarring reminder that all the marvels of modern technology have not yet made the U.S. immune to a sudden pestilence. Indeed many medical experts warn that the U.S. is still largely unprepared for an onslaught of swine flu, which some fear could hit the U.S. this winter. The new flu, although probably not as dangerous as the World War I variety, could be at least as virulent as the Asian strains that have swept the country in recent years.

President Ford has pushed for the inoculation of virtually all Americans against swine flu, a massive effort that would involve the manufacture and administration of more than 200 million shots of vaccine. Ford's program, however, has yet to get off the ground. Some doctors oppose wholesale immunization on the ground that the risks—fevers, headaches and other reactions in many of those inoculated—may not be justified in the light of the uncertainty about whether the epidemic will actually arrive. Drug manufacturers have questioned whether they can produce enough vaccine in time, while local officials have complained that the cost of the inoculations will greatly exceed the \$135 million appropriated for the program by Congress.



THE DEMON OF THE PLAGUE (1540)

Americas, was the 1918-19 worldwide pandemic of influenza. Often called the Spanish flu because some of the earliest cases reported were in Spain, it actually erupted simultaneously in places as far apart as southern Russia and Greenland. Soldiers on the battle front suddenly keeled over. Policemen donned masks to direct traffic, and small children were similarly covered in their carriages.

Although the virus' incubation pe-

riod is about two days, there were reports, still unexplained, of outbreaks beginning aboard ships that had been at sea for three weeks or more. Four years of war had left much of the world ripe for all sorts of epidemics, and many varieties of pneumonia-causing bacteria were pululating. So was Pfeiffer's bacillus, which had been mistakenly identified in 1892-93 as the cause of influenza and therefore named *Hemophilus influenzae*. There is no doubt that among the millions who fell prey to the virus, many were simultaneously attacked by this and other bacteria.

In all other epidemics, the greatest mortality has been among the aged and very young. In 1918-19, a far greater proportion of the dead were men and women in their prime, aged 20 to 45. No one knows why. Nor does anyone know the world death toll, after every activity of organized society—even prosecution of the war—had been disrupted, the U.S. counted 548,000 dead. The world total was some 20 million.

Then, as mysteriously as it had appeared, this strain of virus disappeared, or at least went underground. Apparently, perhaps with some minor mutation, it found its refuge among hogs—hence the appellation of "swine flu" given to the recent emergence of a similar flu strain at Fort Dix, N.J.

The U.S.'s most conspicuous contribution to the fight against epidemics involves poliomyelitis. There were minor outbreaks of infantile paralysis in Scandinavia in the 1880s, but in 1894 the first true epidemic occurred in Vermont's Otter Creek Valley, with no fewer than 132 cases recorded.

Polio is a disease of highly sanitized communities. For thousands of years, the majority of children playing in dirty streets picked up the virus and developed their own antibodies. As Americans became more and more concerned about child hygiene, whole generations matured with no immunity. The numbers of reported cases rose, until in 1952 there were 57,879 confirmed cases and 3,145 deaths. Parents suffered perennial panics.

But with the development of the Salk and Sabin vaccines, the epidemics and panics ended almost overnight. In 1975 there were only eight proven cases of polio in the U.S., and only one death. The most distinctively American of all epidemics has been conquered.

MASKED MOTHER & CHILDREN, 1918



THE DISEASE DETECTIVES

The Center for Disease Control, a complex of red brick buildings sprawling on the outskirts of Atlanta, represents for the health of the U.S. what the grim, gray Pentagon does for national defense. The CDC's purpose is to identify, seek out and destroy both present and potential enemies of U.S. public health. Its activities take varied forms, some statistical and educational, but the most celebrated group on its roster is the disease detectives like those who have been struggling with the mystery of the American Legionnaires' Philadelphia fever.

Of course the medical sleuths are not officially called disease detectives; they are commissioned officers in the Epidemic Intelligence Service, part of Dr. Philip Brachman's Bureau of Epidemiology. They use their most sophisticated laboratory devices to discover a virus or other killer, but their sleuthing also extends far outside the lab. In an outbreak of fever among Camp Fire Girls in California, for instance, the disease was easy to identify: malaria. The question was, who introduced it to the camp area? The disease detectives had to find not a microbe but a man. In an epidemic of food poisoning by salmonella in Sioux City, Iowa, it was not the microbe but its means for spreading infection that had to be tracked down. The culprit was a machine—a meat slicer.

Dr. David Fraser, 32, chief of CDC's special bacterial pathogens branch, flew to Philadelphia as soon as the CDC received Pennsylvania's call for help. He supervised the collection, by a staff of 18 in-

vestigators, of the materials that his laboratory colleagues at headquarters would need: throat swabbings, gargles, blood samples, urine and fecal specimens and—from victims already dead—snippets of lung and other tissue. Batch after batch of these were collected and flown to Atlanta, where they were hand-carried to the CDC.

There, each batch was subdivided into minute quantities needed by the many specialists—bacteriologists, virologists, parasitologists, rickettsiologists (for microbes that cause typhus and Rocky Mountain spotted fever), hematologists, toxicologists, and veterinarians. All the lab scientists and technicians wore protective masks, gowns and gloves and worked under exhaust hoods. But it was not felt necessary to invoke use of the sanctum sanctorum, the "hot lab," where only the deadliest organisms known to cause fast, fulminating and fatal diseases are handled.

One of the most sophisticated techniques is the fluorescent antibody test, which can be used for many types of infectious disease. A specimen (it may be liquid, a thin slice of tissue or a fecal smear) is put on a slide. Then the technicians add a mixture of antibodies

(from the blood serums of animals or of patients who have recovered from known diseases), tagged with a fluorescent substance. If any of the antibodies have had a "charge effect," the equivalent of a magnetic attraction, joining a virus or one of the bacteria, some of the antibody mixture will glow under ultraviolet light. If there has been no take, all the antibody will have been washed off. Hence, no glow.

One of the quickest and most dramatic tests of all is for certain classes of virus that can be identified by their size and shape. It may take no more than three hours to prepare a specimen for Electron Microscopist Frederick Murphy to magnify up to 200,000 times. If he has caught his prey, its picture can be thrown onto a screen for a roomful of epidemiologists to see. Last week Dr. Murphy prepared such a specimen, and CDC Director David Sencer asked him: "Where is your picture?" A frustrated Murphy replied, "The picture is blank." Dr. Sencer then admitted "We do not know what the disease is."

With failure following failure the doctors have now turned to toxicological testing. For that they use a gas chromatograph, which heats a specimen until it vaporizes. When a bright light is shone through the vapor and passed through a prism, it yields a distinctive spectrum. Yet further tests will be run

with an atomic spectrometer, which searches for deadly heavy metals like mercury and lead. A shotgun approach like this, says Sencer, should disclose whether "there are chemicals you would not expect to find in human tissue." If such chemicals can be found, the detectives may have their solution.

DR. STEPHEN THACKER OF CDC INTERVIEWS LEGIONNAIRE



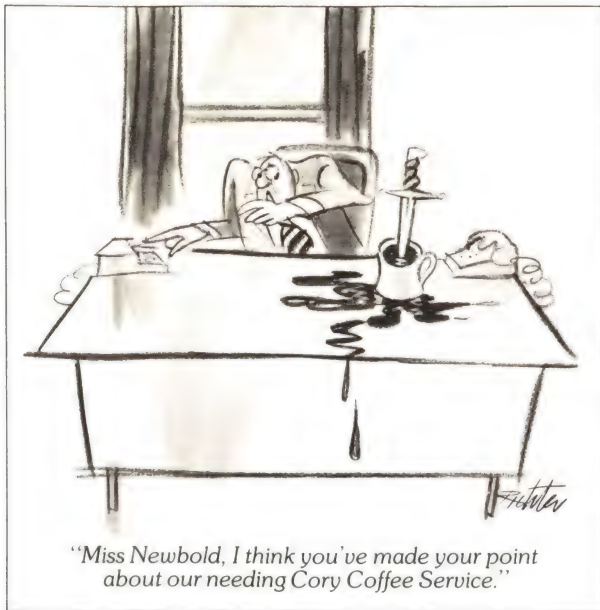
But the biggest difficulty has been the refusal of insurance companies to cover the program. Fearful of being held liable for adverse reactions among those inoculated, one company after another refused to insure drug manufacturers, stalling the anti-flu effort before it had a chance to get started.

For a while last week it seemed as if this obstacle might be overcome. Spurred by the initial fear that the Pennsylvania deaths might be due to swine flu, the House Health and Environment Subcommittee hastily approved a bill that would, in effect, make the Government liable for injury claims arising out of the immunization program. Many Congressmen were uncomfortable with the bill, which they thought might set an unwelcome precedent. Said Democratic Representative Henry Waxman of California: "I feel, as a representative of the U.S. Government, that we were blackjacked by the insurance industry." But despite their reservations, many felt sufficiently scared by the Pennsylvania tragedy to give the measure their approval.

By late last week their views had changed. Convinced

by reports from both Harrisburg and Atlanta that the Legion disease was not swine flu, many Congressmen began to express second thoughts about the measure, which they felt could expose the Government to an enormous array of claims. By the end of the week the measure was languishing. Said one Senate staffer: "It is not clear now how critical it is to act precipitously on legislation whose full implication we don't understand."

His attitude is understandable. There is no need for Congress to rush pell-mell into passing legislation that could present the Government with unwanted and unnecessary obligations. But there is also a need for action to prepare for a possible swine-flu epidemic. Most Americans are probably safe from the disease that struck Pennsylvania's American Legionnaires. But few are likely to have any protection against the swine flu. Fewer still are likely to escape exposure to it if it comes. The last major flu virus caused or contributed to some 30,000 deaths when it swept the U.S. in the winter of 1968-69. Swine flu could be just as deadly.



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Black Angel

CÉLINE

by PATRICK MCCARTHY
352 pages. Viking, \$10.

One morning in 1932 Robert Denoël, partner in a small Paris publishing house, found on his desk an anonymously delivered brown paper parcel. The 500-plus-page manuscript it contained proved to be quite possibly the most vital and certainly the most controversial French novel since Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past*.

Voyage au Bout de la Nuit (translated as *Journey to the End of Night*) is as un-Proustian as a novel can be. Its scenes are the battlefields of World War I, hospital wards, lunatic asylums. The mysterious author's protagonist-narrator is a most reluctant soldier and postwar wanderer named Bardamu. Murderers, wife beaters and abortionists appear as ordinary characters in *Journey*. Its language—French jangled into street argot—is a kind of frenzied shorthand of pain, terror and hate.

What night is Bardamu journeying toward? Some ultimate darkness, some ultimate evil in the world, or perhaps in himself. A death-beyond-death—an annihilation not only of the body by war but of the personality by peace. "The truth of this world is to die," says Bardamu. But he wrestles with his black angel so fiercely that the result is art—showing that violent, caressing, irresistible energy that the 20th century accepts as an enormous attachment to life.

When Denoël, bludgeoned and awed by his unsolicited masterpiece, finally tracked down its author, he turned out to be equally original. In this persistent rather than brilliant biography, British Scholar Patrick McCarthy (who now teaches at Haverford College) patiently matches the manuscript to the man.

Petit Bourgeois. At the time he finished *Journey*, Céline, born Louis-Ferdinand Destouches, was nearly 40. A doctor, he worked the night shift at the municipal clinic in the poor district of Clichy, attending to prostitutes and alcoholics and patching up men smashed in street fights. Nobody looked less like a novelist. "A big devil with an inscrutable face and a scornful mouth," he re-

minded acquaintances of "a café owner on holiday."

The facts of Céline's life can be read more or less surrealistically in *Journey* and in his second masterpiece *Mort à Crédit* (translated as *Death on the Installment Plan*), which is, among other things, a merciless recollection of boyhood and family life. "I was born in a shop," he liked to say, referring to his mother's modest lacemaking establishment; for all his rebellion, an incorrigible *petit bourgeois*, pinching every franc, lived within Céline. At 14 he dropped

feverishly—to Africa, to the U.S., to the Soviet Union. His apartments were disorderly way stations, dark, impersonal, temporary. He was married twice, the second time in 1943 to a dancer named Lucette Almanzor. But he moved from woman to woman, including prostitutes, with a restlessness not to be accounted for by sexual appetite. He even wrote like a transient, pinning his pages together by clothespins, then tossing them into boxes.

Anti-Semitism. During World War II, after serving briefly as ship's doctor, Céline became a man without a country by collaborating with the Nazis to a still debatable extent. What is beyond debate: Céline's virulent anti-Semitism. When the Third Reich collapsed, he fled to Denmark, but spent more than a year in prison anyway. (All this provided the material for a final trilogy, *Castle to Castle*, *North and Rigadoon*.) Granted amnesty in 1951, he returned home and settled down to practice medicine and write in Meudon, a suburb of Paris where Rabalais once lived. The Chinese replaced the Jews as his scapegoats. He also hated De Gaulle, television and Françoise Sagan. He died in 1961.

All his life he was consistently kind only to patients and animals. He ended up with five dogs, two cats and an unrecorded number of parrots, living behind a barbed-wire fence, half-crippled by arthritis, as if in a state of siege. With impressive fairness in the face of the provocation that is Céline, Biographer McCarthy concludes that just as there is a destructiveness to even the best of Céline, there is a life-force to even the worst. Céline equally deserves the epitaph McCarthy gives him: "He tells stories, he refuses to die." **Melvin Maddocks**



NOVELIST LOUIS-FERDINAND CÉLINE IN 1954
Kind only to patients and animals.

out of school and worked at a silk shop and as an errand boy. In the evenings, eyes "burning with lack of sleep," as he recalled, he studied on his own, managing to pass the difficult exam for a *baccalauréat* degree.

In 1913, when Céline was 19, he enlisted in the cavalry and was wounded—in the arm, not the head, as he often claimed. After World War I he worked on a Rockefeller Institute project in France as an anti-TB propagandist, screaming at Breton villagers to boil their milk. He got into medical school, it was rumored, only by marrying the daughter of the head of the faculty.

Like his characters, Céline traveled

flatlanders never have been able to understand mountain climbers, and not even mountain climbers understand the pale, mud-smearing troglodytes whose curious passion it is to worm their way down through the clammy dark into the deepest and narrowest capillaries of caves. These low-adventurers are brave, but their squirmy feets seem inglorious, if, slithering downward, one of them carried a banner, its strange device might well read: **IROISLECXE**.

Now come a Yellow Springs, Ohio, advertising man named Roger Brucker, and Richard Watson, a philosophy professor at Washington University in St. Louis, to explain the damp fascinations of caving ("spelunking" seems to be a word not much used by cavers). Their

IROISLECXE

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by ROGER W. BRUCKER and

RICHARD A. WATSON

316 pages. Knopf, \$12.95.

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CAVERS AT WORK

Not simply grubby, but gallant.

book is a splendid armchair challenge, properly made, properly obsessive. For non-cavers who read it, the sensation of being trapped in Mother Earth's vermillion appendix is persuasively real, and the impulse to run gasping into the open air is strong.

Brucker, 47, and Watson, 45, are cavers of the first rank. For nearly two decades they belly-crawled toward what they call "the Everest of world spelology," a presumed connection between Kentucky's vast Flint Ridge cave system and neighboring Mammoth Cave. The possibility of such a connection must have occurred to Floyd Collins, the solitary caver who discovered Great Crystal Cave under Flint Ridge in 1917 and who died in nearby Sand Cave in 1925, after being trapped there for 15 days. Collins' grisly death stirred the nation's curiosity, and for years tourists in Crystal Cave paid eagerly to see the caver's body displayed in a glass-topped coffin. It is still there, though no longer on display, and minus a leg pilfered by rival cave owners. Modern cavers, say the authors, often have a word with Floyd as they head onward and downward.

Mud-Choked Fistulas. The Flint Ridge-Mammoth connection, which would establish the system as the longest known cave in the world, required techniques more organized and rigorous than Collins' lone adventuring. By the 1950s, when Brucker and Watson began caving, it was necessary to survey, with chain and compass, every foot of the miles of new cave then being discovered. Some of the finds were spacious passages and great, vaulted limestone halls, but far more often the explorers tried to keep their nerve intact and their carbide lamps lit while jammed into mud-choked fistulas less than a foot high. The

BOOKS

authors' implied comparison of Kentucky caving with the climbing of Everest is a mild hype, neither necessary nor justified; Everest is far deadlier, and an expedition there requires several arduous weeks, not the 24 to 36 hours of a Flint Ridge cave crawl. But caving is difficult enough to call for a rare sort of courage and endurance. A common technique, horrifying to imagine, is to exhale in order to reduce the size of the rib cage, then squiggle along, unable to breathe deeply until the squeeze/way widens. To do this in an unknown passage, realizing that rescue is impossible and that the passage may narrow, not widen, is not simply grubby—it is gallant.

The final connection came in 1972, the authors relate. Brucker missed it because, although he is not a large man, he was not able to compress his body enough to get through a tight spot, now officially labeled the Tight Spot. The most effective member of the connection party was a small (115 lbs.), wiry woman named Pat Crowther. Large, lordly people are handicapped as cavers, of course, and flyweight readers will follow Crowther's muddy tracks with tears of appreciation in their eyes. When she and her skinny companions popped like corks through the Tight Spot and moved on into Mammoth Cave, the provable length of the great limestone entrails became 144.4 miles. The authors, still not satisfied, think that in all some 300 miles of passages exist. **ROISEL ECKT John Skow**

Son of the Sun

A GOD AGAINST THE GODS

by ALLEN DRURY

310 pages. Doubleday, \$10.

Fourteen centuries before Christ, the mystical pharaoh Akhenaten tried to sweep away the ancient pantheon of gods worshiped in Egypt. To replace the gods, he devised a kind of monotheism. Since monotheism is the modern preference, Akhenaten is now considered to have been one of civilization's heroes. But at the time his religion was very bad politics. Akhenaten failed; the ancient gods won. The surprise is not that Allen Drury, the *Advise and Consent* man, has written a book about Akhenaten—a pyramid could be made of books about him and his queen Nefertiti—but that his viewpoint is political.

It is no secret that Drury is not much of a novelist. This time he advances his narration by bringing his characters onstage alone to soliloquize about what has occurred and what had results may be expected. Occasional modernisms ("A cheap shot," "Say the magic word: 'I had gotten through to him.'") clink absurdly, and it is hard, when they do, to imagine the pharaoh's golden barge ghosting through chill nights on the Nile. Yet a patient reader is rewarded by some provocative notions about Akhenaten and his cousin-wife Nefertiti,

the royal beauty whose sculpted head is, after the Sphinx, the best-known work of Egyptian art.

Drury assumes that a power struggle seethed between the pharaohs of the 18th dynasty and the priesthood of Amen, the most powerful of the gods. Amenhotep III, an easygoing, able administrator, failed to move firmly against the priests. When his son Amenhotep IV finally did strike at the priests, it was with a hysteria that unsettled courtiers and populace. Yet it was this man, a neurotic genius with a face and body distorted by what seems to have been a severe hormonal imbalance, who declared the Aten, the disc of the sun, to be the one true god. Then he closed the temples of Amen, built a new capital dedicated to the Aten and took for himself the name Akhenaten, "the son of the sun."

No Heirs. The author judges these events with the professionalism of an old Washington political writer and finds that the pharaoh neglected to mend his fences. He inherited enormous popularity but wasted it in extravagance and flabby foreign policy, not to mention a gaudy love affair with his younger brother Smenkhkara. Queen Nefertiti produced two daughters but no male heir, and her subsequent fall from favor cut the ruler off from what Drury assumes to have been her steady influence. Akhenaten mated with several of his daughters in an effort to sire an heir. These dynastic couplings resulted only in a succession of stillborn female infants. Meantime, the priests of Amen continued to frighten the people expertly. By the novel's end Akhenaten has not actually reached his downfall. A sequel is promised, however, and things look dark for the son of the sun. **J.S.**

AKHENATEN IN PAINTED LIMESTONE



Keeping 'Em Down on the Farm

Like certain other hunting animals, professional journalists do not thrive in captivity. Confined to a single place for any length of time with no news to cover, they tend to turn sour and surly. That has certainly been the case recently in Jimmy Carter's home town of Plains, Ga., to which the candidate returned for a lengthy working vacation after winning the Democratic presidential nomination last month in New York. A report from TIME Correspondent Stanley Cloud, captive in Plains:

The upward of 50 reporters, photographers, network-TV cameramen and technicians who accompanied Carter to Plains were at first pleased with the change of pace from Manhattan and the long primary trail. Now, however, they are suffering from advanced ennui and frustration—enhanced by South Georgia's sauna-like summer climate and the bountiful swarms of gnats, chiggers and fire ants. Exulted the Boston *Globe's* Curtis Wilkie, himself a native of the Deep South, as he prepared to escape from Plains on a vacation: "Free at last, free at last, great God a-mighty, ah'm free at last."

Nature of Sin. The basic problem, of course, is that there is no hard news. During strategy sessions in his sprawling ranch house with aides and advisers, Carter may be—probably is—making decisions that will vitally shape the course of the oncoming presidential campaign, scheduled to begin in earnest after Labor Day. But the security blanket of secrecy imposed on such decisions by Carter and his staff has been virtually total. Reporters have thus had to content themselves with scratching about for some interesting stories about the early days of Plains and the economic impact of Carter's candidacy on the little hamlet, plus such lightweight footnotes as the candidate's appearances in Sunday school, his attendance at a Carter clan reunion and his pitching performances (fairly expert) in a series of softball games organized by CBS-TV Producer Rick Kaplan. An unremarkable sermon on the nature of sin by the pastor of the Plains Baptist Church has been covered and grudgingly reported by the wire services. Says a correspondent for a major Northern daily: "I keep telling my desk that there's no story down here, and they keep saying, 'Yeah, we understand the problem, but give us a story today anyway.'" Even photographers, who for a time enjoyed shooting the candidate in his natural habitat, have grown bored by the daily replay of the down-home theme.

Carter's triumph has brought pack journalism to Plains with a vengeance.

CBS, NBC and ABC have all set up giant, equipment-laden trailers under the town water tower that functions as an antenna. A couple of dozen reporters flock around Press Secretary Jody Powell and Campaign Manager Hamilton Jordan, recording their every word as they conduct a "briefing" alongside the railroad tracks in Plains—even though to date they have provided only the most fleeting glimpses of the inner workings of the post-primary campaign. Afterward, reporters grumble to each other about excessive secrecy and "news management," and file stories soured by bitterness.

Mutual Antagonism. Meantime, Carter and crew have become somewhat cynical and resentful. They argue, accurately enough, that they have attempted to discourage constant, pointless coverage of the candidate's every step. But even as they criticize reporters for homing in on trivia, Carter and the Plains guard refuse to give out much information that is other than trivial. Instead, they engineer "photo opportunities," as the Nixon White House first christened them, at fish fries and ball games that provide a steady stream of non-event pictures. The result has been a growing feeling of mutual antagonism between the Carterites and the press. Even the



NEWSMEN & CROWD OUTSIDE PLAINS CHURCH



CARTER HEADS FOR THE BAG IN SOFTBALL GAME AGAINST THE PRESS

Sauna-like summer climate and bountiful swarms of gnats, chiggers and fire ants.

THE PRESS

usually amiable Powell has grown testy and has begun grousing publicly about some of the stories cranked out. At a press conference last week, he was asked by ABC's Sam Donaldson when the fall campaign will be said to have formally begun. "Well, it's certainly clear," Powell snapped, "that the campaign will start whenever Sam Donaldson says it starts."

To relieve the tension, members of

the press corps, who have encamped at the Best Western Motel in nearby Americus because Plains is too small to accommodate them, spend most of their free time eating and drinking in the area's only good restaurant (Faye's Bar-B-Que Villa on the outskirts of Americus), playing softball (with recurrent arguments about whether the games should be for fun or to win) and watching—courtesy of CBS—rerun movies on

video tape (*M³ A² S³ H*, *Jaws*, *Gone With the Wind*).

The reporters were plainly delighted last week when Carter made a brief foray to New Hampshire and Washington, D.C.—and were looking forward to a return to the hectic business of covering the campaign full time in the fall. Once into that, they may find themselves in the throes of nostalgia for the long, lazy summer days in Plains.

NEWSWATCH/THOMAS GRIFFITH

What's Wrong with Washington Columnists

Once the world of Washington pundits included a few giants, ranging from the Olympian sage, Walter Lippmann, and James Reston, the best informed of Washington reporters, to the feared scandalmonger, Drew Pearson—and that was it. Now so many syndicated Washington columnists exist that it is hard to keep track of them, keep up with them, or tell one from another.

Only the indefatigable Joseph Kraft, though he lacks Lippmann's magisterial authority, sometimes approaches the master's command of foreign and domestic topics. In fact, in an overreported town like Washington, the best reporting generally comes from those who are specialists in defense, diplomacy or Congress, rather than those who focus on the big picture. Jack Anderson, who minds Drew Pearson's store, still deals successfully in the tattletales of disgruntled bureaucrats. But he no longer has an exclusive franchise, ever since

the archtattler of them all, Deep Throat, told his tales elsewhere. Among the newcomers, the best is George F. Will, who thinks cleanly and writes with irony. Others stand out for special qualities and interests, though these assets become debits when they get *Jessy One Note* about them, as Tom Wicker does with his angry Southern passion for civil liberties and prison reform, or Anthony Lewis with his affinity for the law and the opinions of the Harvard law faculty. Dave S. Broder ranks as the best political reporter in town. Peter Lisagor is admired for his wry sanity. Mary McGrory, a hard-working reporter, is experienced but not cynical, which may be why her dislikes are sometimes more firmly based than her enthusiasms.

Beyond these and a few others, Washington columnism is a dull plain—unadventurous and predictable. Often the predictability is intended and marketed as such, the print equivalents of those televised pillow fights between Galbraith and Buckley. Mostly the designated labels fit, but two do not.

One is William Safire. Feeling the need to offset the liberalism of Wicker and Lewis, the *New York Times* in 1973 hired, not a conservative but a Nixonian, and the difference is considerable. A p.r. man before he became a Nixon speechwriter, Safire has had a hard time abandoning a cute, punning style and glib judgments. He is most interesting when most irritating, being as unfair in his opinions as the worst of liberal polemicists. Safire labors constantly to prove that all other politicians and their aides, from Kennedy to Carter, are as bad as Nixon. His forays into foreign affairs usually end with a poison pen stuck in the back of his old colleague, Henry Kissinger, whom

Safire blames for his phone being tapped.

In a different way, Rowland Evans and Robert Novak elude the columning category they seem naturally to fit into—that of reporters rather than commentators. Reporters too, of course, have their obligations (a college thesis could be written about how Woodward and Bernstein, or Theodore H. White, reveal their most useful sources by the praise they bestow upon them in passing). Despite good Washington connections, Evans/Novak usually give a one-legged performance, lacking balance. They early developed an animus toward Jimmy Carter and reported so many hidden obstacles in his way that if Carter had had to overcome them all, his nomination would have been even more impressive than it was. The Democratic Convention that others described as Carter-dominated, they found controlled by "left-of-center labor leaders," with Carter "the junior partner." To Evans/Novak, the choice of Mondale "could prove a costly miscalculation" (*coulds* and *mights* pepper this kind of writing). The kernels of fact that Evans/Novak begin with are often blown up like puffed wheat and made to serve and to obscure a dubious case.

Still, Evans/Novak are among the Washington columnists who matter. And the others? Too many turn up on editorial pages because they are innocuous and come cheap—as low as \$5 per week. Some, easily classified by their automatic responses to any event, get printed so that a lazy editor can call his opinion page balanced, even when it is not. The token liberal or conservative columnist is a familiar trick. It is also out of date. No longer, as in Gilbert and Sullivan's day, is "every boy and every gal" born "either a little Liberal or else a little Conservative." Few Democrats any longer want to describe themselves as liberal, and even Reagan has schweikered the simon-purity of his conservatism. Fuzzy designations like independent and moderate and populist are more fashionably worn by politicians now. A change is long overdue on the nation's editorial pages. Editors ought to go for the quality of a columnist's reporting and judgments, not for the musty label he wears.

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